

SALUTATORIAN

(An Address)

Parents, teachers, classmates, friends: All who have come either to witness or to take part in this, our graduation exercises: it gives me great pleasure to bid you welcome tonight. We appreciate your presence: to us it is a sign of your interest in us, both as individuals and as a group. This same interest has been evident in former years, for our progress thus far would have been impossible without it. We wish to thank you for your backing, and with due propriety we say, "This is your school, for you have made it possible. Therefore, we bid you welcome."

As we stand looking back on our past four years, we are moved by various reactions. First we are saddened by the thought that we have now reached the last moment as a group. We have come far, we have formed friendships — friendships which will extend themselves greatly in the years to come; we have had our joys, our sorrows, our hours of bereavement, our days of bliss. We have met all with determination, accepting each responsibility with the will to see it through, not basking in the glory of one achievement, but rather, spurred on by accomplishment, moving onward to a better and a higher responsibility. This as a group we have done, and we are filled with sadness as we realize that we have made our last accomplishment together. Yet we rejoice now we have completed our first great responsibility — that of educating ourselves so as to be fit for American citizenship.

This preliminary to American Citizenship — education — was not a single factor, but was composed of many parts. We count our education starting from the first word we spoke, the first step we took. From that time until now, we have been guided in the right path by our parents, our teachers, and our associates. To all these, we wish to express our appreciation for the aid they've bestowed upon us. All this help has been very important to our education. Coming from varied sources, the aid has been of many different natures — we recognize the values of literature, of mathematics, of arts, of specialized training, and of the other courses in which we have been instructed; but through association with others and with God, we have developed our characters, giving each factor its proper place in our lives, forming from the conglomeration of influences a grand unit by which each individual is known. It is the character we are now that we will be when we are older, for childhood influences have far-reaching effects. We are grateful for the good influences

our parents. An ungrateful person is of all people the most miserable. We all have heard the legend of the pond which retained all the water that flowed into it contrasted to the brook which passed all the water it received on to another. When the drought came, the pond dried out while the brook flowed merrily on with water in it. Thus it is with us: we have received much, and we are now ready to give more than ever before, knowing for certain that the more we give away, the more we can take in. This is the way we must assume our responsibilities to the last generation, to the present generation, and to the next generation to come. We are richer by the knowledge of past generations — we have a wealth of facts which our forefathers wrested from Nature and set down so they might not be forgotten now they had once been learned. During our school days, and especially during the last four years, we have been learning these so we can use them to our own advantage, add what new facts we can discover, and pass them on to future generations. Where our forebears made mistakes, we must observe them, and pattern our activities so we will avoid such. Thus our generation profits both from the achievements and the mistakes of past generations.

With our innate love for freedom, we will take up our privileges and duties of Americanism. This, second to spiritual responsibility, is what we have been training for. In the words of Christ, "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, all thy soul, and with all thy strength; and thy neighbor as thyself." This last is Americanism — holding that all men are created equal. As we now are facing the world, we needs must remember this and practice it more avidly than ever before.

In just a few moments our high school days will have ended. Have they been worth-while? Only time can tell. Shall we go forth into the world with the will to be a benefit to mankind, or, will we go to be parasites on the rest of humanity? This is an important question, and must be decided by each individual for himself. Our training has been given us in the hope that we will use it for the best. Will we live up to these hopes? This, too, is a personal question requiring an individual answer. However, it is our responsibility to use what we have to further the race of mankind, to perpetuate the knowledge of the ages, to do what we can for our fellowmen, to be a burden to no man, and,

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VALEDICTORIAN

Parents, teachers, friends, members of official board, underclassmen and patrons of Greenbank. I come to you tonight as a representative of the graduating class of Greenbank High School. As I greet you tonight it is with mixed emotions. For tonight as we stand at the crossroads of life realizing how outstanding this occasion will be to us whenever we look back upon it in the future, we are deeply moved by a feeling of anticipation for what is to come, devotion for the Alma Mater from which we are about to depart, fondness for those friends and classmates to whom we must now bid farewell, and gratitude for our loving parents and considerate faculty who through the past four years have made our journey a more pleasant one.

I have said that we stand at the crossroads of life. The road behind us was a single trail whereon we were protected by guard-rails which were formed by our parents' strong love for us and their lasting faith in us. There were times when the hills seemed more steep than usual, the going was rough and discouragement seemed to be winning the battle. But never a dark cloud appeared on the horizon that was not soon turned by our guardians to show us the silver lining. There were times when we would have fallen by the wayside rather than take the next uncertain step. But our ears caught the faint echo of your voice pleading with us to "Fight On," and thus step by step we have climbed until now we have arrived at the gateway to the future. Before we are admitted into that broader world of the future we pause a moment. And as the twilight of our high school life sheds its farewell rays on our path we come to the realization that this occasion has been made possible by your efforts in our behalf. In vain tonight we try to express our gratitude for your work and sacrifice toward our success. Finding no flowery phrase capable of expressing our appreciation to you we shall resort to a simple but sincere "Thank You."

Now the gate of the future opens and standing wide it beckons to us. As we step up hand in hand to peer into the vast beyond the sight of the crossroads recalls to our memory the words of Richard Hovey:

"You to the left and I to the right,
For the ways of men must sever—
And it well may be for a day and a night,
And it well may be forever.
But whether we meet or whether we part
(For our days are past our knowing),
A pledge from the heart to its fellow heart
On the ways we all are going!
Here's luck!
For we know not where we are going.

Here's luck!

And a cheer for the dark before us."

And so tonight our ways which for four years have been one, must be severed and the hand-clasp by which we have been united must now be torn asunder. Each class member must take up the path of his choice and continue the journey through life. If we have chosen wisely our trail will lead us toward a higher rung on the ladder of success. And we tonight, because of our faith in our training and in our preparation for this moment feel that we will make the right choice. Whatever trail we may take we must realize that we shall meet with turmoils of life unknown to us before. Thus we must begin our ascent with the knowledge that it is to be a far different road from the one which we have previously traveled. Our parents and faculty will no longer be there to give to us that much needed strength and courage. Therefore we must look above to a Higher Power whom we shall take along on the Road of Life as our guide.

Tonight as we are about to step through the arch to begin the journey which will take us another mile of the way, we hear the voice of past ages speak to us. The appeal comes to us in the words of John McCrea:

"To you from failing hands we throw

The torch—be yours to hold it high."

We have heard your voice, O Past Ages, and in answer to your request we shall accept the torch symbolizing the heritage handed down to us by the past generations, with the determination that we shall bear it high above the chaos of the turbulent world of today. We promise to you that those educational advantages which have been given to us shall be preserved and used by us and later passed on to our followers that they and the whole world may look forward to a brighter future.

Hitherto we have not realized the important part which your gift has played in our educational development. For the past four years we as students have had the advantage of all the wisdom and culture which has accumulated through the past centuries. We were asked to pay nothing for this gift; rather the simple request of the donor was that we take it and use it for the betterment of America. Through the years we have taken of this gift, some perhaps more freely than others * * * and * * * Now that we have accepted the gift and pledged ourselves to the preservation of it, have we done our share or shall we think of the words of the Master when he had given the talents to the servants? Let us accept our heritage as a talent to be developed when we have reached the end of our journey into greater usefulness for mankind. * * *

V A L E D I C

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On the ways we all are going!
Here's luck!
For we know not where we are going.

With a steady swing and an open brow

LECTORIAN

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YEARBOOK STAFF



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Assistant Editor

Feature Editor

Advertising Editor

Sports Editor

Humor Editor

Art Editor

Typists

Blanche Hamed

Alice Sutton

L. E. Campbell

Blanche Hamed

Kenneth Dunkey

Earl DeLung

Edwin Doyle

Members of Senior Class

IDENTIFICATION

Back row, left to right: Blanche Hamed, L. E. Campbell, Alice Sutton, Kenneth Dunkey.

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SENIOR CLASS FRODO BILBO BAGGINS

Twenty-five years after my graduation, I suddenly became famous for my writings upon "The Exploits of the Common Fishworm." This erudite treatise immediately after publication became a best seller, and was translated into three hundred and one languages. Of course, the royalties from the sale of the book brought me a fortune, and I could retire and live luxuriantly even after my income tax was paid. My book was called the most wonderful book of the Twentieth Century, and I was asked to be buried in Westminster Abbey when I died. At the present time, I have not given my consent, but am thinking about it.

When I realized that I was a wealthy man, I immediately decided to look up my former high school classmates, most of whom I hadn't seen since graduation. I also wished to know where my teachers were, and what they were doing. Toward this end I planned, and after settling my domestic affairs, which were few, since I was still a bachelor, I set out from my home in Rhode Island with a view of not coming back until I had either seen or heard of my classmates and teachers.

I started to Pocahontas County first, since I expected that some would be still around. On my way, I stopped in New York for a while, and once went down Broadway for a walk. Just as I passed a five-and-ten-cent store, I saw an Admiral of the Navy come out with a padlock in his hand. He looked familiar, and I ventured to ask his name. I was surprised to find it was Donald Shcars, and we had a pleasant chat. He told me that he had married a shrew, and that he was taking the padlock home to put on his safe where his money was, for his wife spent it too avidly. I sympathized with him, and asked about our classmates. He knew as little as I, so after getting his address, I walked on up Broadway.

Suddenly I saw a name in lights that looked familiar, and examined it more closely. It said "MONNA BELLACIO VAN de VANDERCLIFT — Star of 'The Henpecked Crayfish'." I went into the theatre, and heard a tall woman in costume singing about being pinched. When the opera ended, I went backstage, and saw Miss Van de Vanderclift. As I expected, it was Monna Bell, my old classmate, and we had an interesting talk.

vanina, a car suddenly swerved around a curve, and crashed into mine, causing us both to roll down the bank about a hundred feet. Luckily I received only minor injuries—seven broken ribs, a badly bumped head, and bruises all over my body. Nevertheless, I and the other driver were rushed to the hospital and lodged in the same room. The other driver was "Pinhead Cassell," still up to his old tricks, and he wasn't hurt—just a cracked nose this time. He said he had had eighty-four such accidents, but was still good for a few more.

As we were talking, a brunette nurse came in to see about us. I recognized her immediately—Pearl Rankin. She said, "Back again, Pinhead?" I learned he had been in this same hospital eighteen times. Pearl began talking rather wildly about her patients, and it was tacit that some of her patients hadn't died naturally. When she went out, I managed to call the head nurse, and requested another for me. I was glad to be rid of any danger from Pearl, for I hadn't seen all whom I wanted to see.

After recovery, I came to Dunmore by bus and found it larger than ever. Natural gas had been discovered, and the size of the town much increased. I found the Mayor to be Bob McQuain who was evidently doing well.

A larger school had been set up, and I found Sue McElwee one of the teachers. She was very strict and fastidious, having changed much. However, she seemed to like her job and home town as much as always.

When I went to Greenbank, I saw a scissor factory. This was something new, and I went to see the building. Imagine my surprise to find George Harris the owner of it! He said he had got the incentive from his wife's maiden name—Shcars.

Two of my classmates were teachers in the High School at Greenbank. They were Gath Gun, the economics teacher, and Norma Gruga, the history teacher. Both were satisfied with their jobs, but I thought they were no different from any teacher. From them I learned of several of my classmates still living in the vicinity, and I went to visit them.

I found Eula Taylor still scouting the country. She says she is young yet and the right man will come along in the near future.

Andrea Sheets (now Mrs. Gowan) was living on Sheets Road. In the summer, she went all over Pocahontas threshing barley for the farmers.

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Mr. Smith was living at Arbovale on a large farm. He was the father of four children, and he had succeeded in raising a hybrid pig which bore wool on its skin and gave milk which was converted into excellent cheeses. But then, I

SENIOR CLASS

Julian Gum had taken his father's job, and sold gasoline in three counties. He was making a good profit by shortchanging merchants and reading the gauges wrong. As yet, he hasn't been caught.

Cornelia Bennett was operator of a telephone switchboard in Spruce. She was married, and kept house after her working hours. She had the reputation of being the biggest gossip in town—I guess that's what telephones do for you.

I ran into Mr. Riley on the bridge at Cass. He said he had finally solved the most intricate of all problems, and related to me the formula. I thought it a rather absurd idea, but since it enabled him to loaf the rest of his life, I kept my mouth shut.

I found Miss Brown now married and living at Raywood with a pension, and the mother of three children. She said she had taught at Greenbank for twenty-two years before she got tired of it.

Further down the Greenbrier, I saw Miss Johnson directing a five-piece band which performed every time a freight pulled through. She said she always had liked the people of Clover Lick, and had decided to settle there. She quit teaching soon after I graduated.

Halfway up Gibson's Knob, I found Arlie Ryder's house. I knew his wife, the former Bonnie Sheets, and we talked for a long while. Then he called his children by numbers, and Bonnie told me their names were Andecombogius, Devi-

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Mary Jo White was the proprietor of a mortuary—a first-class undertaker. Her shop was on the banks of Leatherbark Run, and she offered me her services. However, I declined the invitation.

As I needed a haircut, I entered a shop on Dirty Street in Cass. I found the proprietor was Jimmie Addington, and his shop was not only for haircuts, but also he had pool tables, soft drinks, a bowling alley, and a skating rink which was about ten feet square. He cut my hair unevenly, nipped my ear with the clippers, ruined my shirt with a spurt of tobacco-juice, and short-changed me before I left. As I went out the door, he threw a brick at my head, but it missed me. The next morning, for some reason, one of his windows was "busted."

A few days later I passed a goat farm on Cheat Mountain. Having a taste for goat cheese, I stopped to buy a cheese. The owner, an elderly woman who was nevertheless spry, came to meet me when I entered the gate. To my astonishment, I saw it was Mrs. Coyner, one of my teachers.

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I found Betty Brown next in my quest
lived at Pine Grove, and was an old m
told her I was a bachelor, and all abo
trip. She was interested in her classmat
was very fastidious, and had a too-large
chest. I left after hearing where Alice
was. It seems that she had founded a ho
juvenile delinquents in Charleston. S
noted for her success in this work, and
motto which hung over the fireplace:
the rod, and spoil the child."

After leaving Pocahontas behind, and
Alice in Charleston, I started West. I
Wyoming on the 6th of June, and dec
visit a ranch for a few weeks. I bought
copter and flew around looking for a ran
I thought I would like. As I flew over
I saw a ranchhouse by a large lake in
valley. The trees and grass were verd
green, and the

I saw a ranch—
valley. The trees and grass were verdant and
green, and the house itself was a lovely grey
color. I landed in the front yard, and a woman
came to the door. She looked familiar, and I
asked who owned the ranch. Evidently she rec-
ognized me, for she said a schoolmate of mine
owned it. Then she told me that Hubert Rex-
rode owned it, and she was his wife. Just then
a husky-looking man walked around the corner
of the house, whom I knew at once for Hubert.
He was glad to see me, and asked me to stay
at his ranch awhile. I gladly accepted the of-
fer, and he took me to see his ranch. He had
been teaching his two-year-old grandson how to
shear a sheep when I arrived by air.

Late in September I left Hubert's ranch, after
making him take my helicopter, and proceeded
to San Francisco. The same day I arrived, I
saw a newspaper article which told about Ken-
neth Duskey catching a mermaid while fishing.
I went to see him, and could hardly get to him
for the crowds. He told me about catching the
mermaid in a net with two mer-children. A
merman had followed his boat over a thousand
miles to San Francisco. I urged him to liberate
the mermaid and her children, and he did this
after I reminded him of a poem we had studied
in English IV. The merman brought him a
treasure chest, for ransom, I suppose, which was
sold to a junk dealer for \$4.98.

From San Francisco I went to Hollywood, and
watched Troy Moore being filmed in a picture
called "This Is Her Last" playing opposite Mac
Walters.

city, and I went to see him. He said he was happily married, and was editing a comic strip based on his friends of high school days. The comic strip was a success, I have found out.

Being close to Mexico, I decided to tour that country. I did not like the people or the climate very much, but the scenery was superb. I found Mount Popocatepetl interesting, and I heard a tale of a woman called "Cactus Blossom" living on the mountainside. I thought it was a legend, but they assured me of its veracity. The people called her "Cactus Blossom" because she liked solitude so well that few approached her, and because she was reputed to be very beautiful. This intrigued me, and I asked them to guide me to her. I found "Cactus Blossom" living in an adobe house surrounded by flowers and a little brook, with a few cats to keep her company. This recluse, however, I found to be Blanche Hamed, who wrote her poetry and books here. She was famous for her poems, and she was writing a book "This Happened to Me," which was about her classmates. I supplied her with information about all whom I had met on my trip.

From Mexico I traveled to Panama, where I saw the Canal.

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From Mexico I traveled to Panama, where I
saw the Canal. I found Dorothy Campbell em-
ployed there. She was the operator of two of
the locks on the Pacific end of the Canal. She
said she liked to watch the water rise in the
locks because it reminded her of the unpredict-
able fountains in the halls of Greenbank High.
When no ships were passing through, she fished
for lobsters and waded around in the Canal bare-
foot.

When I got to the Amazon River, I found
some supplies for Doctor E. Duckworth waiting
at the river's mouth. I was told this famous
lady doctor was a psychiatrist studying the wild
Indians' minds. Thinking it might be Estelle
I went along with the supplies and found it really
was she. She said she was trying to discover
what made civilized men fall in love, and thought
she might find the answer in a primitive mind.
At that time she had been married, but later

for local

foot.

When I got to the Amazon River, I found some supplies for Doctor E. Duckworth waiting at the river's mouth. I was told this famous lady doctor was a psychiatrist studying the wild Indians' minds. Thinking it might be Estelle I went along with the supplies and found it really was she. She said she was trying to discover what made civilized men fall in love, and though she might find the answer in a primitive mind. At that time she had had no success, but later she wrote me that she knew why —— women!

After touring South America, I went to Asia. In China I found Thelma Cummins as the United States ambassador. She said she liked her job except for the business part of it. She had recently signed a treaty which gave the Chinese full permission to sing American songs while they were in the bathtub. Through this action she hoped to promote good will between America and China.

In a few months I landed in Calcutta, India. I scouted about for a few days, and found out that an American Expedition had just come back from the Himalaya Mountains. I went to see them, and learned they were traveling for the National Geographic Society, and their leader

the top of Mount Everest, and he was the tallest of the party. He received a medal to that effect.

From Asia I came to Alaska, where I found Mr. Harris fox chasing on the sides of Mount McKinley. He had killed two foxes in six years, but hadn't given up hope to kill a third. He needed three fox tails to decorate his radio aerial on his car, so he could set a new style in auto embellishments.

While strolling down a street in Paris one day, I met Mr. Hill whistling "Mademoiselle from Armentieres." We talked awhile, and I found that he had retired from teaching when he invented an atomic can-opener which required only ten manipulations on the part of the operator. After agreeing to buy one later, I left. I broke my promise, for I knew too much about can-openers, being a bachelor.

I happened to meet Earl DeLung at the top of one of the pyramids in Egypt, where we sat down and talked for three hours. During this time, we recounted our school days, and discussed our lives after graduation. Earl's biography would make interesting and exciting reading, for he had lived a thrilling life. He had been on all the continents, in one hundred and three countries, and had sailed all the oceans and

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Crossing the Mediterranean Sea, I traveled with Bonnie Pugh, and her husband who was a History Professor at Harvard. They had just come from visiting King Tut-Ankh-Amun's tomb which was part of a tour into historical coun-

and sixty-eight miles in the air. When we met in Egypt, he had just finished a trip across the Sahara Desert. All in all, he had led an adventurous life, and he promised to collaborate with me one day in writing his biography. When we parted, he was headed toward the South Pole.

Crossing the Mediterranean Sea, I traveled with Bonnie Pugh, and her husband who was a History Professor at Harvard. They had just come from visiting King Tut-Ankh-Amun's tomb which was part of a tour into historical countries. Bonnie said she was so happy, she felt like a bird.

One day in Canada, I stumbled over a woman's feet in a street car, and injured her corns so much she nearly cried. I begged her pardon, and escorted her home. She was Goldie Slavins, and she had a mischievous daughter named Lula May, who acted very diabolic. She was very much like her mother in youth, and I commented on the likeness. But, strangely, I was told that I was so old I couldn't remember correctly any more, which I accepted as truth without argument at that time. Goldie was trying to squeeze her size 8 foot into a size 4 shoe, and her reward was corns. I tried to tell her that it was foolish for a grown woman to act thus, but I was so stultified that I got up and left.

Crossing Lake Superior, I met Neil Gragg on

SENIOR CLASS P

he pitched into the lake to see if the fish would bite.

When I passed through Morgantown, I stopped at the University. There I found Sammie Barlow working as a pig doctor, at times even doctoring sick cats. He had recently cured a pig of toothache, and was proud of himself. I had learned that he had merely extracted the tooth, but I didn't mention it to him for fear of hurting his feelings.

In Summersville, I went to the movies, and found Bob Wagner selling tickets. He had part interest in the theatre, and was selling tickets himself to avoid hiring someone else to do it. He said he liked Summersville, but not the people—they didn't like his prices.

When I went through Renick, I watched a football game, and saw someone cheering who looked familiar. I found it was Jean Tenney's daughter, and I went to see her. She hadn't liked the gentlemen around Greenbank very well and so had gone to Renick and married there. She lived a quiet life—keeping house, shopping, and the other things women are prone to do.

I came up the Greenbrier a few years after I had gone down and stopped in Marlinton, at the Kennison Hostelry. Betty was the proprietor's wife, and she had one child, a boy, who grew up and went to California. Betty had a first-class hotel, and was famous for it. She told me Norma Arbogast worked at the hospital, so I went around to see her. I knew she had wanted to be a nurse, and I asked for her at the hos-

writer keys the ribbon she fell over. The typewriter couldn't save to her husband.

Miss Posinsane asy her mashe She had v teaching H noticed an

I had no ers except member w thought h After a ye ing over t lage about I question that it wa precipitou three mile for mount It was so reaching t ed, for th The herm the cabin nized "Tw three feet see me, b a week I

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After six months, I found traces of Miss Smith. She was the Chief Sampler in Fleer's Bubble Gum Factory and liked the job well. She said she acquired the habit of chewing gum from watching her students in History.

Not long ago, I read of Mrs. Jenkins' death in the paper. She had been writing a letter on

SS PROPHECY

writer keys. While she struggled to loosen it, the ribbon wrapped itself around her neck, and she fell overboard as the ship rocked in a wave. The typewriter weighted her down, and they couldn't save her, but they sent the typing table to her husband.

Miss Post was working in the kitchen of an insane asylum. She was the potato masher, and her mashed potatoes were known far and wide. She had worked in the asylum since she quit teaching Home Economics, and said she hardly noticed any difference.

I had now found all my classmates and teachers except Mr. Blackhurst. Nobody could remember where he was, except for one girl who thought he went West. So, I went West, too. After a year's searching, I heard a woman talking over the back fence in a small Colorado village about the hermit living up on the "Peak." I questioned her, and came to the conclusion that it was Mr. Blackhurst. The "Peak" was a precipitous peak in the Rocky Mountains over three miles high. After getting supplies ready for mountain climbing, I began scaling the Peak. It was so steep and rocky that I was five days reaching the top. But my efforts were rewarded, for there was a little cabin near the summit.

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on to the hospital. I found she was Inspector of the Linen Closet at the Hospital—not quite a nurse, not quite a maid. I congratulated her on her success and left for Dunmore.

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Not long ago, I read of Mrs. Jenkins' death in the paper. She had been typing a letter on the deck of a ship in the Atlantic as she was going to England. The wind blew her hair about, and it had become entangled in the type.

page book of a congregation of poems, stories, and essays which nobody would publish. I offered to publish it, which I later did, though only twenty copies were sold. We talked about many other things, and I asked him how he got down from the mountain. He showed me an elevator which went down a shaft run by Nature. Nobody else knew where it came and it took only fifteen minutes to make a round trip. He liked the life of a recluse, and was the only person who had ever scaled the mountain while he lived there. He listened to me tell about the Class of '47, but when I finished the only word he said was "Nuts!"

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Physical education is well installed in our school with three classes for girls and two for boys. The girls' classes are under the supervision of Mrs. Jenkins, Miss Brown and Miss Johnson. In all classes the girls take exercise, play basketball and learn to play many new games.

The boys' classes are supervised by Mr. Hill and Mr. Harris. These classes are offered to promote their physical development and to train the youth of today to become the men of tomorrow.

SNACK AND SMACK CLUB



A group of eleven girls (ten shown) were organized by Mrs. Hume and Mr. Gray, and formed the Snack and Smack Club. The purpose of the club was to prepare refreshments for the basketball boys after each home game. The three Senior girls took turns being the chairmen. Members from the Senior class were: Bonnie Pugh, Blanche Hamed and Goldie Harlow. The Junior Helen Tracy, Lavona Shears, and Louise Shears. The Sophomores: Patty McPherson, Cora Blackhart and Betty Orendoff. The Freshmen: Gloria Dean Eyn, Nancy Harris, and Martha McCutcheon.

IDENTIFICATION—Top row, left to right: Nancy Harris, Gloria Dean Eyn, Martha McCutcheon, Helen Tracy, Louise Shears, Lavona Shears.

Bottom row, left to right: Blanche Hamed, Bonnie Pugh, Goldie Harlow.



CHEERLEADERS

The girls who led the stirring yells at our basketball and football games this year deserve much credit. They were Joan Tenney, representing the Seniors; Fonda Edwards, the Juniors;

SNACK AND SMACK CLUB



A group of twelve girls, three from each class, selected by Mr. Harris and Mr. formed the Snack and Smack Club. The purpose of the club was to prepare refreshments for the basketball boys after each home game. The three Senior girls took turns being the members from the Senior class were: Bonnie Pugh, Blanche Hamed and Goldie Slav. Helen Tracy, Lorena Shears, and Louise Shears. The Sophomores: Patty M. Blackhurst and Betty Orndorff. The Freshmen: Gloria Dean Eye, Nancy Harris and Martha McCutcheon.

IDENTIFICATION—Top row, left to right: Nancy Harris, Gloria Dean Eye, Martha McCutcheon, Helen Tracy, Louise Shears, Lorena Shears.

Bottom row, left to right: Blanche Hamed, Bonnie Pugh, Goldie Slav.



CHEERLEADS

The girls who led the stirring cheers for the basketball and football games were given much credit. They were J. representing the Seniors. Gladys D.

Helen
Blackhurst and Betty
Cutcheon.

IDENTIFICATION—Top row, left to right: Nancy Harris, Gloria D
Martha McCutcheon, Helen Tracy, Louise Shears, Lorena Shears.
Bottom row, left to right: Blanche Hamed, Bonnie Pugh, Goldie Slavi



CHEERLEA

The girls who led the stirr
ketball and football games
much credit. They were J
senting the Seniors; Freda R
Kathleen Ryder, representin
and Carolyn Ryder, represe



IDENTIFICATION—Bac
Jean Tenney; front: Freda

Bottom row, left





Greenbank had a fairly successful season on the basketball court, winning nine. Donald Shears was high point man of the season, getting 175 points. Four boys will year, as follows: Captain-elect Hubert Rexrode, Donald Shears, George Harris, and. However, prospects are bright for next year's five with Ryder, Wooddell, Ralston, Arb coming back.





Greenbank had a fairly successful season on the basketball court, winning nine and losing ten. Donald Shears was high point man of the season, getting 175 points. Four boys will graduate this year, as follows: Captain-elect Hubert Rexrode, Donald Shears, George Harris, and Earl DeLang. However, prospects are bright for next year's five with Ryder, Wooddell, Ralston, Arbogast, and Crist coming back.



The following are the points scored and by whom:

	Fouls	FG	Total
Donald Shears	19	78	175
Hubert Rexrode	49	38	125
Leon Ryder	27	72	171
John Ralston	15	44	103
George Harris	27	18	63
Jimmy Wooddell	20	33	86
William Arbogast	3	7	17
Gene Crist	1	2	5

FOOTBALL



Greenbank closed her football season with a record of five wins, two losses, and one tie, which was considered a very good record. Fourteen boys earned their letters, as follows: Lewis Shinaberry, Earl DeLung, Russell Cassell, Hubert Rexrode, George Harris, Donald Shears, Junior Stanley, Ward Beverage, Leon Ryder, Jimmy Wooddell, John Slaving, John Ralston, Edwin Doyle and Gay Cargile.

Other boys out for football were: Jim Nottingham, Bud Leader, George Rexrode, Junior Rexrode, George Cromer, Julian Tracy, Dale Gragg, Stanley Wooddell, Keith Gum, George Sheets, Neil Cassell, Keith Meeks, Archie Wilfong, Hubert Conrad, Bob Tacy, Jack Moore. The squad will lose six of its boys this year. They are: Lewis Shinaberry, Earl DeLung, Russell Cassell, Hubert Rexrode, George Harris and Donald Shears.



IDENTIFICATION—Back row, left to right: Mr. Blackhurst (coach), Hubert Rexrode, Leon Ryder, Edwin Doyle, Gene Crist, Dale Gragg, Neil Cassell, Ward Beverage, Jack Moore, John Slaving, Gay Cargile.

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IDENTIFICATION—Back row, left to right: Mr. Blackhurst (coach), Hubert Rexrode, Leon Ryder, Edwin Doyle, Gene Crist, Dale Gragg, Neil Cassell, Ward Beverage, Jack Moore, John Slavins, George Harris, Russell Cassell, Lewis Shinaberry, Gale Shinaberry, Donald Shears, William Arbogast, Junior Rexrode, John Ralston, George Sheets, and Gay Wright Cargile.

Front row, left to right: George Rexrode, Earl DeLung, Archie Wilfong, George Cromer, Keith Meeks, Julian Tracy, Robert Tacy, George Kane, Keith Gum.

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Volume Two

1 9 2 4



Published by the Senior Class
Greenbank High School

“Mountain Breezes”

Volume Two

1 9 2 4



PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-FOUR
GREENBANK HIGH SCHOOL



Dedication



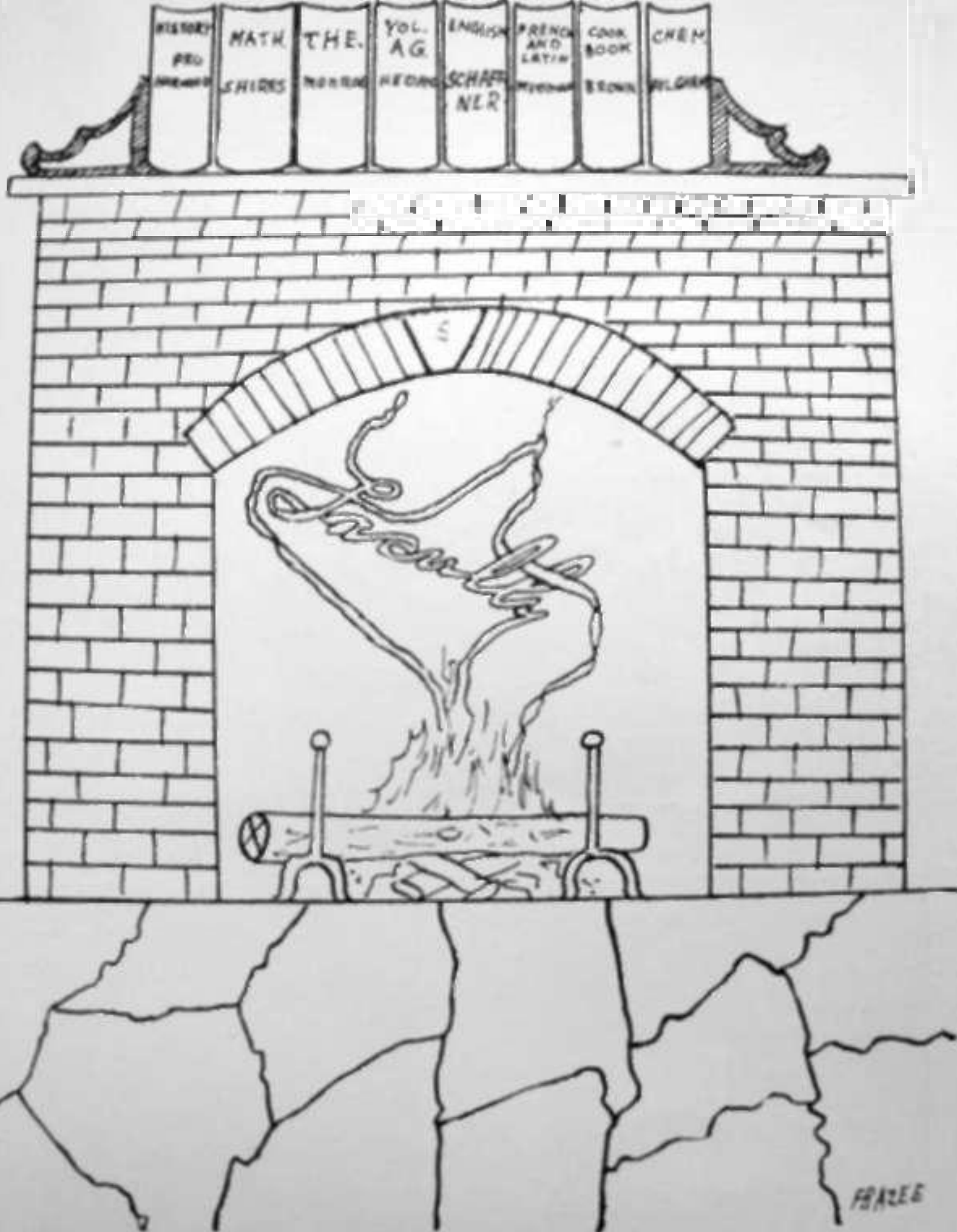
In token of our gratitude and sincere appreciation of him who has co-operated with us and worked uneasingly for the honor of our school, we, the

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Lewisburg Seminary
W. V. U.



D. MacMurray
Dupont College—A. B.
Class '20—B. S.

SENIORS.



WHERE NEXT

Senior Class

Motto: "Labor omnia vincit"

Colors: Green and Silver

Flower: Pink Carnation

Yell

Strawberry short cake,

Huckleberry pie;

V-I-C-T-O-R-Y.

Have we won?

Well, I guess.

Seniors, Seniors,

Yes, yes, yes.

CLASS OFFICERS

Martha Reitz	President and Lawyer
Beulah Brill	Vice-President
Sylvia R. Bowles	Secretary and Treasurer
Colleen Siple	Historian
Sylvia Taylor	Proprietor

SENIOR ADS

Wanted: The meaning of an "Adjective"	Ja
Wanted: Bobbed hair	Mart
Wanted: A little birch canoe and a "Lake"	"S
Wanted: Long curls	Fl
Lost: English IV teacher	Ver
For Sale: School Days	W
Wanted: Senior privileges	Ma
Wanted: More chocolate pie	Beu
Found: One Wedding ring	"S
Wanted: A cup of cocoa	Thel
Wanted: To get married	Wil
Wanted: Someone to dance with	Cl
Lost: My height, but not my weight	
Wanted: A cook apron	Ma
For Sale: Some of my "A's"	Ec
For Sale: My knowledge in History	E
For Sale: Part of my head	

Seniors



**Martha Reitz
Durbin**

**Class President
Valedictorian
Class Lawyer**

Martha Reitz of the Senior Class
is a student that no one tries to surpass;
A pupil of ability, good character and re-
nown.
Is this sweet, gentle, lassie of Durbin Town.



**Beulah Brill
Cass**

**Editor-in-Chief of Annual
Class Vice-President**

Beulah Brill is very smart
And cute and sweet and nice;
We know some man will win her heart,
So we're hording up some rice.



Sylvia R. Bowles



Clyde Cassell

Sylvia Taylor
Dunmore

Class Prophet

Sylvia Taylor takes the cake—
She'll make a school ma'am soon;
She loves to sit beside the lake
And with her lover spoon.

Colleen Siple
Cass

Treasurer of Athletic Association
Captain of Girl's Basketball Team
Basketball Player
Literary Editor of Annual
Adelphian Secretary

Colleen Siple's very wise,
In Latin, Math. and gym.
But she's a flapper, for her eye
Do see and wink—then wink!



Ida Jackson
Cass

Manager of Girls' Basketball Team
Basketball Player
Vice-President Athletic Association



Willa Nottingham
Boyer

Basketball Player



Edith W. Townsend
Durbin

Class Salutatorian

Edith Townsend gets all A's
In her subjects here at school;
She's quite attractive in her ways
And she never acts a fool.



Flora Phillips
Arbovale

Flora Phillips gives our class
Its dignity, rep. and, to boot,
We can't imagine her at all
In a one-piece bathing suit.





Wilma Slayton
Boyer

Wilma Slayton comes tripping in
To English IV each morn -
She makes a pretty little flapper
Now that her locks are shorn.



Effie Moore
Durbin

Effie Moore, a friend to all,
She does what ever she can
To keep folks wise when once they
She's a prize to any man.



Sallie Warwick
Case



Thelma Collins
Bartow

Basketball Player



Mary Phares
Arbovale

Mary Phares is doomed to teach,
For she's learned what e'er she could
In 167 classes where our teachers preach
And her head's not made of wood.



Mack Brooks
Dunmore

Basketball Play

Now the funniest member of our class
We all know is Mack Brooks;
He has some spunk and brains and brass,
According to his looks.



Verna Siple

Senior Class History

The doors of G. H. S. were open in September, 1920, to a class of twenty-eight Freshmen. Mr. Taylor, our principal, told us to enroll to Miss Grimes. During this year we did our best to win friends and make our work a true foundation for the goal to be attained. Our greatest misfortune was to lose several of our members. Ralph Warnick, Verna Siple and Edwin Doyle. Under the care and advice of Miss Grimes, those remaining organized our class and survived as Freshmen.

A happy bunch of "Sophs" we were when school opened in '21. Temporarily sorry to find our classmate, Burke Crogg, going to Ronceverte. Our sorrow was overcome with joy to find five new members, Adolph Cooper, Grace Graves, Omer Brill, Thelma Conrad and Warren Oliver. Warren left us the first semester. With the help of Mrs. Pritchard we conquered all difficulties, making our foundation stronger. We were glad to say at the end of May that we were ready to be classified as Juniors.

When greeting G. H. S. in '22 we were disconcerted to find our class so divided; Omer Brill, Adolph Cooper, Willa Nottingham and Grace Graves were going to other schools. Sterle Nottingham, Meryle Irvine and Richard Lewis had moved away. Janet Woods, Myrtle Barkley and Sylvia Bennette were married. Frieda Williams, Margaret Wood, Edna Willfong, Thelma Conrad and Edgar Shinnaberry, by going to summer school, were ready to join the seniors. This made the Juniors feel badly, although after organizing our class, with the help of Mr. Schnopp, we were delighted to find that Effie Moore, Thelma Collins, Wilma Slayton, Verne Siple, Arnold Willhide, Ida Jackson, Mary Phares, Flora Phillips and Sallie Warwick, by extra work, were able to help the Juniors solve their problems. It was the shock of our lives to find that we were still the largest class in school.

Two literary societies were organized this year. The Adelphians, under the care of Mr. Schnopp, consisted of the Juniors and Freshmen. The Columbians, led by Miss Hite, included the Seniors and Sophomores. We did our best in the programs we gave during the year, trying all the time to gain wisdom for our class and our helpers, the Freshmen. The second semester brought back our true classmate, Willa.

At the close of school we were nearer our goal. The Juniors took a great part in "Cherry Blossoms," for the two leading characters, Martha and Arnold, were proud to let everyone know that they were Juniors. Our help in this play ended our work.

The first semester enabled three of our members, Edith Towns, Willa Nottingham and Mack Brooks, to finish. Ola Doyle quit school.

The second semester brought us two members, Joy and Mabel Agast, and a shock———! The preacher visited our class, uniting in Matrimony Sylvia Riley and Hume Bowles. We were glad to find that " " was not going to leave us.

Our class leads in athletics, as we have one boy and four girls on varsity basketball teams. Although we have won our goal and are leaving this year, we shall never forget our happy days and our friends at G. H. —C. S., '24.

Senior Class History

The doors of G. H. S. were open in September, 1920, to a class of twenty-eight Freshmen. Mr. Taylor, our principal, told us to enroll to Miss Grimes. During this year we did our best to win friends and make our work a true foundation for the goal to be attained. Our greatest misfortune was to lose several of our members, Ralph Warnick, Verna Siple and Edwin Doan. Under the care and advice of Miss Grimes, those remaining organized the class and survived as Freshmen.

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When greeting G. H. S. in '22 we were disconcerted to find our class divided; Omer Brill, Adolph Cooper, Willa Nottingham and Grace Lewis were going to other schools. Sterle Nottingham, Meryle Irvine and Frieda Williams had moved away. Janet Woods, Myrtle Barkley and Sylvia B. were married. Margaret Wood, Edna Wilfong, Conrad and Edgar Shinnaberry, by going to summer school, were to join the seniors. This made the Juniors feel badly, although after organizing our class, with the help of Mr. Schnopp, we were delighted to find that Moore, Thelma Collins, Wilma Slayton, Verne Siple, Arnold Willbourn, Jackson, Mary Phares, Flora Phillips and Sallie Warwick, by extra work, were able to help the Juniors solve their problems. It was the shock of our finding that we were still the largest class in school.

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At the close of school we were nearer our goal. The Juniors took a great part in "Cherry Blossoms," for the two leading characters, Martha and Arnold, were proud to let everyone know that they were Juniors. Our help in this play ended our work as Juniors.

The doors of G. H. S. were open wider than ever when we entered as Seniors, for we had with us a new principal, Mr. Harwood, and two new classmates, Beulah Brill and Edith Townsend. We found that Alice Friel was going to school at Marlinton and that William Reitz was not attending school. This was a little discouraging at first, yet we knew we must work, for this was our last chance to win our goal. Miss Moomau and Mr. Schaffner were ready to help us.

The first semester enabled three of our members, Edith Towns, Willa Nottingham and Mack Brooks, to finish. Ola Doyle quit school.

The second semester brought us two members, Joy and Mabel August, and a shock———! The preacher visited our class, uniting in Matrimony Sylvia Riley and Hume Bowles. We were glad to find that ' was not going to leave us.

Our class leads in athletics, as we have one boy and four girls on varsity basketball teams. Although we have won our goal and are leaving this year, we shall never forget our happy days and our friends at G.
—C. S., '24

Senior Class Will of 1924

We, the Senior Class of 1924, do hereby make and affirm this, our last will and testament, declaring all previous wills null and void.

Section I

After due consideration we have unanimously agreed to give and bequeath to our esteemed Faculty our heartfelt thanks for helping us in our school life to prepare for life's school.

To the members individually we leave the following:

Item 1. To Mr. Harwood, our honorable Principal, we will our English IV Classics of King Henry the Fourth; also the "ponies" that were used to help make the trip with Caesar through his Gallic wars are hereby left in his care.

Item 2. To Mr. Shires we leave a long summer free from Geometry and Algebra II. The gymnasium is left vacant, too, for his personal use that he might go through the routine of his "daily dozen" without interruption.

Item 3. We give and bequeath to Mr. Schaffner the dictionary (to be found in Room 5), to which we have frequently "sped" for help in English IV. We, students of French, leave in his care our dictionary of French phrases for his use abroad this summer.

Item 4. To Mr. Hedrick we girls leave our cosmetics to cover his frequent blushes. We boys leave any cigarette stubs he might have found in his car to his care.

Item 5. To Mr. Monroe we gladly sacrifice our Bible examination papers, so that hereafter he may refer to them and thus be confident that he is right in saying just the opposite in his sermons.

Item 6. To Miss Moomau we give our entire consent for her to accompany Mr. Schaffner abroad this summer. We, with shorn locks, leave her our now useless hairpins, combs, etc.

Item 7. To Miss Brown, we girls give and bequeath for her hope chest the first garments we made in Sewing I. We leave her free use of the oil stove on which to cook soup and hot dogs during the rest of her stay at Greenbank.

Item 8. To Miss Fulgham we leave Mr. Hedrick's car to carry her back to Old Virginny, away from these terrible snow flakes. We also arrange for her a special course that she may learn how to write "A" on a fellow's report card.

Item 9. To Mrs. Coon we bequeath every day of the week for music lessons without our dignified (?) presence. We will her, too, all keys, so she can play in any flat.

Section II

Item 1. To the dear Juniors, our successors, we hereby give and bequeath our numerous (?) rights and privileges that we gained by good behavior. We leave, too, our class motto, "Labor omnia vincit," the meaning of which we have interpreted and appreciated.

Item 2. To the Sophomores, our co-working Adelprians, we will all authority held by us in our literary Society. They are also heirs to our cheer-

Item 2. To our respective truck drivers we give the old shoes they wore out walking to school.

Section IV

Item 1. I, Beulah Brill, leave to Edythe McClung my Caesar, with advice, "Read between the lines."

Item 2. I, "Sis," do hereby leave my position of the Lady of the Lake to "Polly" Dill.

Item 3. I, "Jack," do hereby leave my basketball shoes, Mike's socks, my bloomers and position on the first team to Mary Katherine S.

Item 4. I, Mary Phares, leave my love for Chemistry to the Freshman Class.

Item 5. I, "Sib" Riley Bowles, leave my love for the other Margaret Wilson.

Item 6. I, Effie Moore, leave my glasses, through which my "G" looks like "A's," to the Juniors.

Item 7. I, Wilma Slayton, leave my knowledge (?) of our Progress to Wilson Robertson.

Item 8. I, Flora Phillips, leave my desire for bobbed hair to Wooddell.

Item 9. I, Joy Belle, leave my long hair to Mr. Harwood, who will use it to advantage as a wig.

Item 10. I, Thelma Collins, will the hair I have pulled from my head while in deep thought to Mr. Shires.

Item 11. I, Mable Arbogast, leave my desire for explanation to McLaughlin.

Item 12. I, Clyde Cassell, leave the office as President of the Association to Pauline Hughes.

Item 13. I, Martha Reitz, will to Fame Schifflette my empty box with explicit directions how to refill.

Item 14. I, Edith Townsend, leave to Dolly Hiner my profound knowledge of Latin.

Item 15. I, Willa Nottingham, leave my best wishes to the girls' basketball team, hoping it will enjoy the fun and success our past teams have had.

Item 16. I, Sylvia Taylor, leave my gift of prophesy to Haze's house.

Item 17. I, Verna Siple, leave my As in Chemistry to Imogene P.

Section V

In testimony whereof we, the said graduating class, recognized by our signatures abroad as being of sound and disposing mind, do hereby cause this will to be signed and sealed on this, the 7th day of April, A. D., 1924.

—The Senior Class

Senior Class Will of 1924

We, the Senior Class of 1924, do hereby make and affirm this will and testament, declaring all previous wills null and void.

Section I

After due consideration we have unanimously agreed to give bequeath to our esteemed Faculty our heartfelt thanks for helping school life to prepare for life's school.

To the members individually we leave the following:

Item 1. To Mr. Harwood, our honorable Principal, we will give the IV Classics of King Henry the Fourth; also the "ponies" that will help make the trip with Caesar through his Gallic wars are hereby in his care.

Item 2. To Mr. Shires we leave a long summer free from Geometry and Algebra II. The gymnasium is left vacant, too, for his personal use might go through the routine of his "daily dozen" without interruption.

Item 3. We give and bequeath to Mr. Schaffner the dictionary (found in Room 5), to which we have frequently "sped" for help in French. We, students of French, leave in his care our dictionary of French for his use abroad this summer.

Item 4. To Mr. Hedrick we girls leave our cosmetics to be used as he sees fit.

for his use and frequent blushes. To Mr. Hedrick we girls leave our cosmetics to a car to his care. We boys leave any cigarette stubs he might have

Item 4. To Mr. Monroe we gladly sacrifice our Bible papers, so that hereafter he may refer to them and thus be confirmed right in saying just the opposite in his sermons.

Item 5. To Miss Moomau we give our entire consent for company Mr. Schaffner abroad this summer. We, with shorn locks, now useless hairpins, combs, etc.

Item 6. To Miss Brown, we girls give and bequeath for the first garments we made in Sewing I. We leave her free stove on which to cook soup and hot dogs during the rest of Greenbank.

Item 7. To Miss Fulgham we leave Mr. Hedrick's car to go to Old Virginny, away from these terrible snow flakes. We give her a special course that she may learn how to write "A" report card.

Item 8. To Mrs. Coon we bequeath every day of the week lessons without our dignified (?) presence. We will her, too, and can play in any flat.

Item 8. To Miss Fulgham we leave Mr. Hedrick's car to carry her to Old Virginny, away from these terrible snow flakes. We also arrange for her a special course that she may learn how to write "A" on a fellow report card.

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Item 1. To the dear Juniors, our successors, we hereby give and bequeath our numerous (?) rights and privileges that we gained by good behavior. We leave, too, our class motto, "Labor omnia vincit," the meaning which we have interpreted and appreciated.

Item 2. To the Sophomores, our co-working Adelphians, we will the authority held by us in our literary Society. They are also heirs to our cheerfulness, serenity, dignity and sagacity.

Item 3. To the innocent, unsuspecting Freshies we donate the degrees we wore mentally and, no doubt, obviously, when we were Sophomores.

Section III

Item 1. To Mr. Arbogast, our janitor, we leave for his personal good all information, important or otherwise, that he might have found in our desks or wastebaskets after a daily, weekly, monthly or semester examination.

Item 2. To our respective truck drivers we give the old shoes wore out walking to school.

Section IV

Item 1. I, Beulah Brill, leave to Edythe McClung my Caesar, advice, "Read between the lines."

Item. 2. I, "Sis," do hereby leave my position of the Lady Lake to "Polly" Dill.

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—The S

Senior Class Prophecy

Paris, France, Jan. 25, 1940.

I arrived here on the 23rd to pick up a few spring styles along the millinery line. On my way over here I heard of an old lady who could "read the blue" and tell the whereabouts of anyone you desired. To satisfy a longing of several years, I went to this mysterious old lady and inquired for the 1924 Class of Greenbank High School. This was her answer:

Clyde Cassell—Clyde is a comedian in Cassell Brothers Wonderful Three-Ring Circus, which tours Kentucky, Virginia and West Virginia in the summer. Clyde is now spending the winter in Cass, resting after a season of hard "labor."

Mack Brooke—Mack graduated from W. V. U. in 1930. He is now president of "The Brooks & Beard Junk Company," at String Town.

Ida Jackson—"Ida graduated from Yale Business College in 1927. She is now bookkeeper for "Brooks & Beard Junk Company."

Colleen Siple—"Sis" taught school at Greenbank for five years, and, just as I expected, she has settled down near Lake "Oliver." I guess the smiles cast and the numerous notes written in study hall were not a waste of time after all.

Flora Phillips—This industrious young lady, who finished high school in three years, found many problems confronting her. I remember that she was once a "wifie-to-be." We find her in Pittsburgh, spending her leisure time writing matrimonial advice to the lovelorn. Have patience, Flo-Belle, he will come to you yet.

Willa Nottingham—It seemed a great task for "Bill" to make up her mind just what profession she would follow. When most deeply at sea over this question, Alex appeared on the scene and carried her away to a "love nest" in the village of Arbovale.

Effie Moore—Effe taught school for three years and then took a course in nursing. She is now head nurse in the Greenbrier General Hospital. If you should listen at her door when she is alone, you would probably hear her singing "Anybody Seen My Kelly."

Sallie Warwick—She was united in the bonds of matrimony soon after her graduation from G. H. S. She is now living in the mountains of West Virginia, surrounded by her happy little family.

Martha Reitz—I was afraid my mysterious old lady was not going to find Martha. But after a long while she said: "There she is, way over in the wilds of Southern Africa, teaching school. Her husband, Mr. Shively, busily goes from place to place in an earnest effort to convert some of the dark-complexioned branch of the human race."

Mary Phares—Mary was nominated for United States Senator in 1922 but was defeated by her honorable opponent, Wilma Slayton. Mary returned meekly to her home at the foot of Buffalo mountain. Here she resumed her old "trade," raising pure-bred Leghorn chickens, according to the recipe she learned from Mr. Pedrick in 1924.

Joy Arbogast—Joy graduated from "Hi Skule" in three years and, later, turned her attention to the botanical world. After accumulating a large collection of various species of insects, she eventually found one that carried underneath its fairy wings a dust-like material. This, she found, after being heated to 412 degrees Fahrenheit and suddenly cooled, changed to a jelly-like substance. When applied to the skin of a negro, thirteen nights in succession this marvelous jelly bleached him entirely white. Since her discovery has proven a success, I imagine it is a puzzle for Mr. Harwood to distinguish "Dear" brother from his white brother now.

Beulah Brill—She is now touring Poland lecturing to the people on "Advantages of Bobbed Hair" and "Disadvantages of Beauty Parlors." Before starting on this career, she burned a young lady's ear while curling her hair in a beauty parlor—hence her disapproval.

Verna Siple—After so many failures and disappointments in trying to find a vamp a husband, she finally acquired one through an advertising agency. She is now living a happy married life.

Thelma Collins—"Tillie" always had a talent for music, but I did not think her future so promising along that line. She had always planned to go to college, but here she is over in Chicago, a piano accompanist for the Victor records. Her favorite selections are just any kind of "blues." When her time is not occupied by the Victor company she may be heard playing the radio programs.

Senior Class Prophecy

Part. From Jan. 21.

I arrived here on the 23rd to pick up a few spring styles and have fun. On my way over here I heard of an old lady who could "take the blues" and tell the whereabouts of anyone you desired. To me, after a long of several years, I went to this mysterious old lady and inquired about the 1924 Class of Greenbank High School. This was her answer:

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His father—His mother—His sister—His brother—His

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Effie Moore—Effe taught school for three years and then took a course in nursing. She is now head nurse in the Greenbrier General Hospital. You should listen at her door when she is alone, you would probably hear her singing "Anybody Seen My Kelly."

Mabel Arbogast—Mabel taught school for two years, but, after many vamping failures and disappointments, she turned her attention to the reptile world. She is now a member of the "Carnegie Brothers' Circus."

Sallie Warwick—She was united in the bonds of matrimony soon after her graduation from G. H. S. She is now living in the mountains of Virginia, surrounded by her happy little family.

Martha Reitz—I was afraid my mysterious old lady was not going to find Martha. But after a long while she said: "There she is, way over the wilds of Southern Africa, teaching school. Her husband, Mr. S., busily goes from place to place in an earnest effort to convert some of the dark-complexioned branch of the human race."

Mary Phares—Mary was nominated for United States Senator in 1924 but was defeated by her honorable opponent, Wilma Slayton. Mary then returned meekly to her home at the foot of Buffalo mountain. Here she resumed her old "trade," raising pure-bred Leghorn chickens, according to the method she learned from Mr. Hedrick in 1924.

Joy Arbogast—Joy graduated from "Hi Skule" in three years and then turned her attention to the botanical world. After accumulating a large collection of various species of insects, she eventually found one that carried beneath its fairy wings a dust-like material. This, she found, after being heated to 412 degrees Fahrenheit and suddenly cooled, changed to a jelly-like substance. When applied to the skin of a negro, thirteen nights in succession this marvelous jelly bleached him entirely white. Since her discovery has been proven a success, I imagine it is a puzzle for Mr. Harwood to distinguish "Dear" brother from his white brother now.

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Verna Siple—After so many failures and disappointments in trying to vamp a husband, she finally acquired one through an advertising agency. She is now living a happy married life.

Thelma Collins—"Tillie" always had a talent for music, but I don't think her future so promising along that line. She had always planned to go to college, but here she is over in Chicago, a piano accompanist for the records. Her favorite selections are just any kind of "blues." When her time is not occupied by the Victor company she may be heard playing on the radio programs.

Edith Townsend—Mrs. Townsend, after a great many trials and tribulations, won a scholarship at the W. V. U. She is now traveling for the Barnum & Bailey Circus, hanging advertisements on every old post and building along the road between Southern Kentucky and Northern West Virginia.



JUNIORS

Junior Class

Mascot
Bulldog "Jack"

Motto
"Deeds, Not Words"

Flower
White Rose

Colors
White and Green

Yell

"Happy Hooligan, Gloomy Gus,
What in the world's the matter with us?
We're the hot stuff of creation,
We're the Junior aggregation."

CLASS OFFICERS

President.....	Claire Warwick
Secretary.....	Hazel Tracy
Treasurer.....	Lake Oliver
Poet.....	Beulah Guthrie
Historian.....	Gretchen Williams
Sergeant-at-Arms.....	Marvin McLaughlin



Class Roll

Beulah Guthrie
Dolly Hiner
Leta McLaughlin
Marvin McLaughlin
Lake Oliver
Monna Sheets
Hazel Tracy
Claire Warwick
Gretchen Williams
Arnold Willhide

Junior Class

Mascot
Bulldog "Jack"

Motto
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Flower
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"Happy Hooligan, Gloomy Gus,
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Marvin McLau
Lake Oliver
Monna Sheets
Hazel Tracy
Claire Warwic
Gretchen Will
Arnold Willh

Junior Class History

To prove that quality and not quantity is the "priceless pearl" of school of the Twentieth century, we cite your attention to the Junior Class Greenbank Hy. Mechanically speaking, we hit on all "twelve" and you kind and patient readers to "Watch our dust."

In the fall of '21 we met for the first time on the Hy School campus, we were hailed from all quarters as Freshies. Early in October, with the faculty aid, our class was organized and officers were elected. In members, we numbered thirty, coming principally from Durbin, Dunmore, Cass and Greenbank.

Our Freshman, Sophomore and (the present) Junior terms have been very successful. In number we have decreased, making the work for "stickers" doubly difficult. As a class, we have always stood together, giving a helping hand to others when needed; giving at all times the best of our class to represent the school in athletic tournaments, philanthropic programs and literary work.

Next year, we trust that our class will be enlarged by the hoped-for expected influx in order that the name of '25 will be remembered in the halls of our school. And now, if our class history seems brief and unpretentious, please realize that we are living.

Juniors



"Lively and merry" is
Lillie McLaughlin
Dunmore, W. Va.

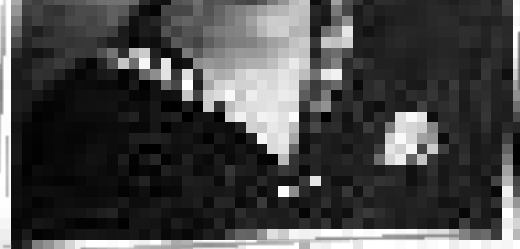


"Genteel and witty" is
Gretchen Williams
Cass, W. Va.



"Modest and mannerly" is
Marvin McLaughlin
Dunmore, W. Va.





"Clever and winsome" is

Claire Warwick

Cass, W. Va.



"Laughing and overfed" is

Lake Oliver

Greenbank, W. Va.



"Diligent" is

Dolly Hiner

Durbin, W. Va.





"Dwelling and gay" is
 Brutah Guthrie
 Cass, W. Va.



"Happy and True" is
 Hazel Tracy
 Logan, W. Va.



The Junior Class Poem

The Junior Class in size is small,
But full of pep and all;
Three years ago we came to stay,
We've had lots of study, but also some play.

C. H. S. to our hearts is dear.
The school spirit keeps us full of cheer;
We're a jolly bunch of girls and boys,
Long since passed the age of toys.

"Twenty-five" bases all on hopefulness,
And this is our purpose, more or less;
With all our faith and courage strong,
We'll do the right and right the wrong.

We, the Juniors in number ten,
Strive always to finish what we begin;
In sports and stunts, too, we excel,
We surely have one kippy yell:

"Happy Hooligan, Gloomy Gus,
What in the world's the matter with us?
We're the hot stuff of creation,
We're the Junior Aggregation."

In Nineteen Hundred Twenty-five
We'll tell the world that we're alive;
Come on, Juniors, we are set; let's go.
"Deeds, not words," that's our motto.

—B. E. G., '25.





Sophomore Class History

When Greenbank district became too large
For one high school to suffice
The problem was solved by two junior High schools,
Which we all thought wonderfully nice.

These elegant schools, with unfriendly views,
One at Durbin, the other at Cass,
With the Freshman bunch from the big high school
Form the Greenbank Sophomore class.

On February last, Nineteen twenty-four,
The class met in Room Number ten
To select their officers, class colors and such,
And find out just why, how and when.

Their President is "Liz," and they all stand pat,
Though they scarce know whom to elect;
When it came time to choose the Vice-President they thought
Margaret Wilson the one to select.

"Peck came in for the money and, as things now stand,
The Sophomore Treasurer is he;
While Ethel's dear hand-writing, so clear,
Made her secretary. Oh! Gee!

Though Cass and Durbin were rivals complete,
In the days of their Junior High year,
They now work together as well classes must
For the good of the Sophs—never fear.

And they'll reach their goal—yes, more than that—
For look at the models before them;
The Juniors and Seniors (in their own good opinion)
Make patterns that we cannot condemn.

Sophomore Class Poem

We, the members of the Sophomore troop,
Come together in a two-fold group
To show the others what we can do,
And to our colors we'll ever hold true.

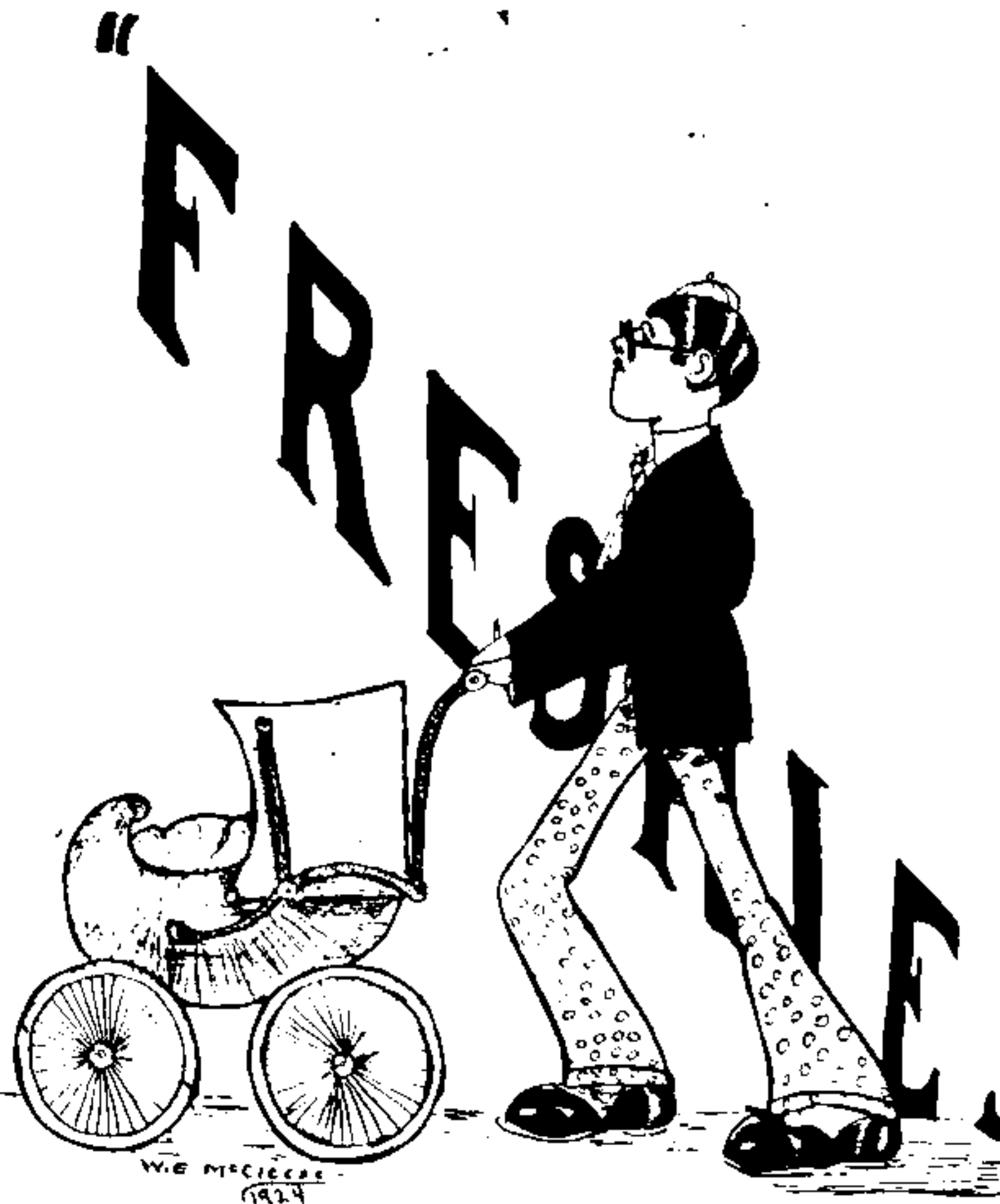
We like our classes, and take great delight
In doing what's honest, faithful and right;
Whole-hearted we stand for the honor of the school
And try each day to keep every rule.

No matter what comes, we will do our best,
However hard may prove the test;
United we stand 'till we are forced to part,
With a spirit of loyalty and freedom of heart.

The Seniors look down upon us and say we are smart—
Well, they set the example and gave us a good start;
'Not equal' is our motto, and, without any doubt,
We'll take their places when they're ready to drop out.

And to our mistakes we must gladly confess,
But still we all love the old G. H. S.,
The grand old school, with its happy throng,
With its hours of study, joy and song.

—E. I.



W. E. McEwen
1924



FRESHMEN GROUP

Freshmen History

The year of 1924 is a memorable one for a number of historic events, many of which are important, but the greatest of all was the enrollment of the first class of freshmen.



Freshmen History

The year of 1924 is a memorable one for a number of things, many of which are important, but the greatest of all was the election of twenty-three industrious boys and girls in the Freshman Class of High School.

We excel all other classes in quality. The upper classmen admired our literary genius and our star athlete—the possession of which gave us just reason to be proud.

At our first class meeting we elected our officers. During the year we have made much progress. By next year we think we shall be able to rely on ourselves without the advice of others.

Freshmen Class Poem

You can tell we are Freshmen by the look on our face;
In G. H. S. we feel much out of place,
But nevertheless, when work must be done,
We are willing to sacrifice much of our fun.

Th Sophomores say we're as green as grass.
What more could you expect from a Freshman class?
We do not want for vim or pep,
But we are trying hard to establish a "rep."

We study hard for our Latin class,
And sometimes barely make a pass,
But we're always satisfied, don't you see,
Just so we never make a "C."

Domestic Science is not so bad,
But when class is over we are always glad.
Every seam must be straight as can be,
For no one knows what our "fate" might be.

English is easy we all admit,
But when "Current Events" come we're just out of it.
Then Mr. Schaffner asks in the usual way,
"Well, Brown, what do you have today?"

We are trying each day to gain greater fame
Than being just "Little Green Freshies" by name.
We hope to keep our spirit alive
And greet you again in twenty-five.

— R. W.

A Summer's Twilight

When the slothful sun is sinking
Behind the towering hills and trees,
Silence reigns the whole world over;
Twilight's here, nature feels at ease.

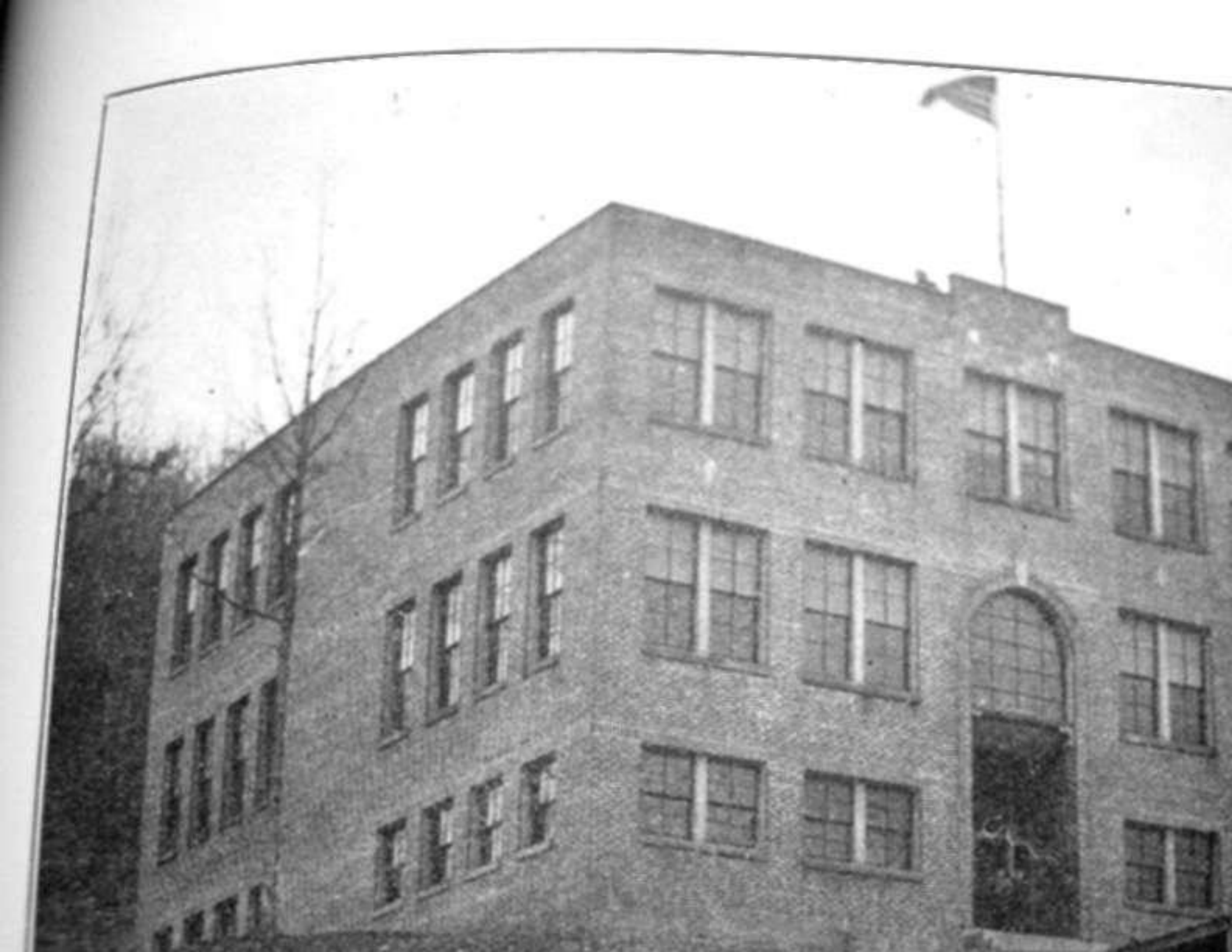
Now the stars come gently peeping
Through the quiet sky,
Moonbeams play tag with planets
Which then are happening by.

The world is covered with a veil,
Pale purple and gossamer light;
Fire-flies flit merrily round about,
Teasing fairies during the flight

The silver path across the sky
Is called the milky way;
It is said that maidens fair
Spilt milk upon this path one day.

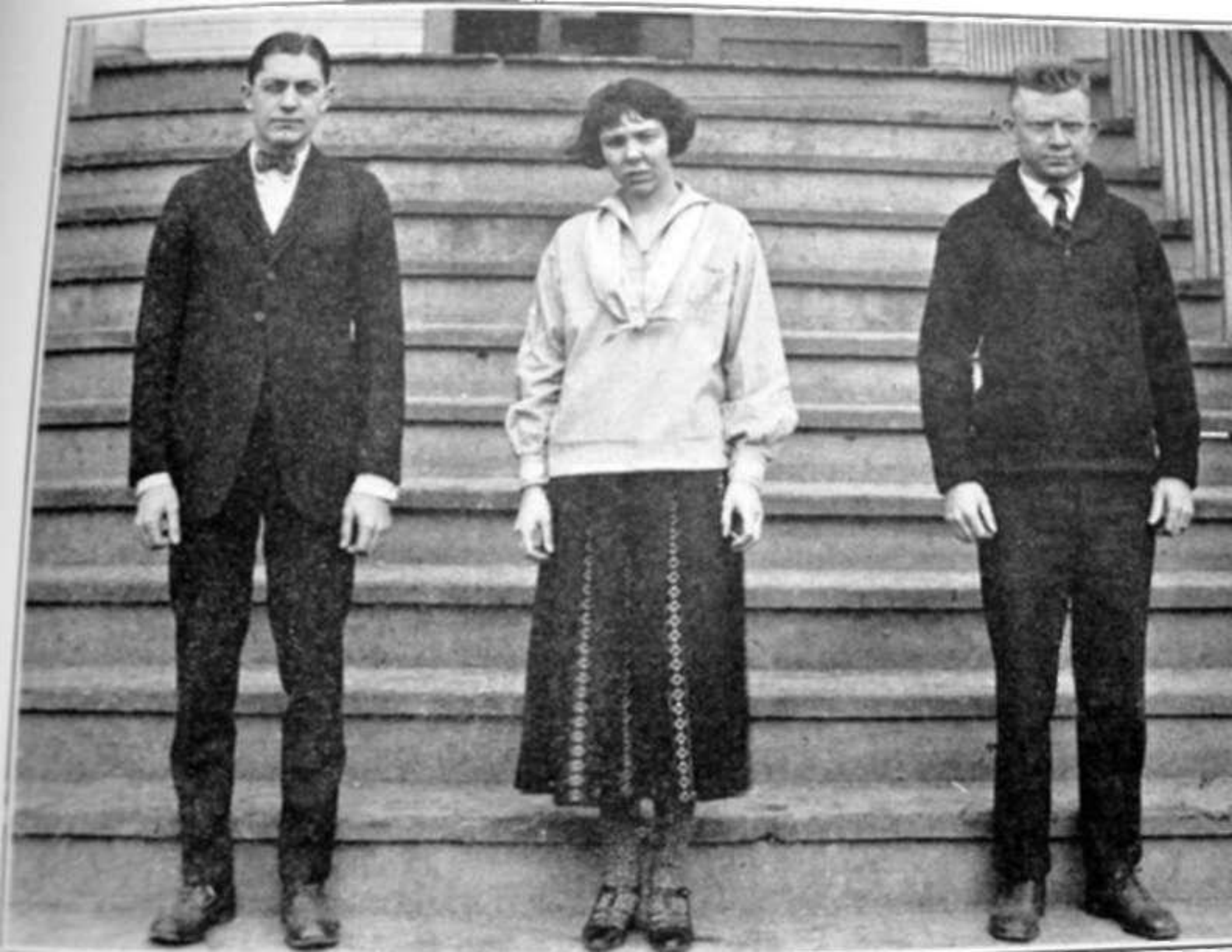
At last a little balmy breeze
Sprang up with a merry tune;
It shook the leaves and swayed the trees
And swept stray clouds from o'er the moon.

—Imogene Pritchard,

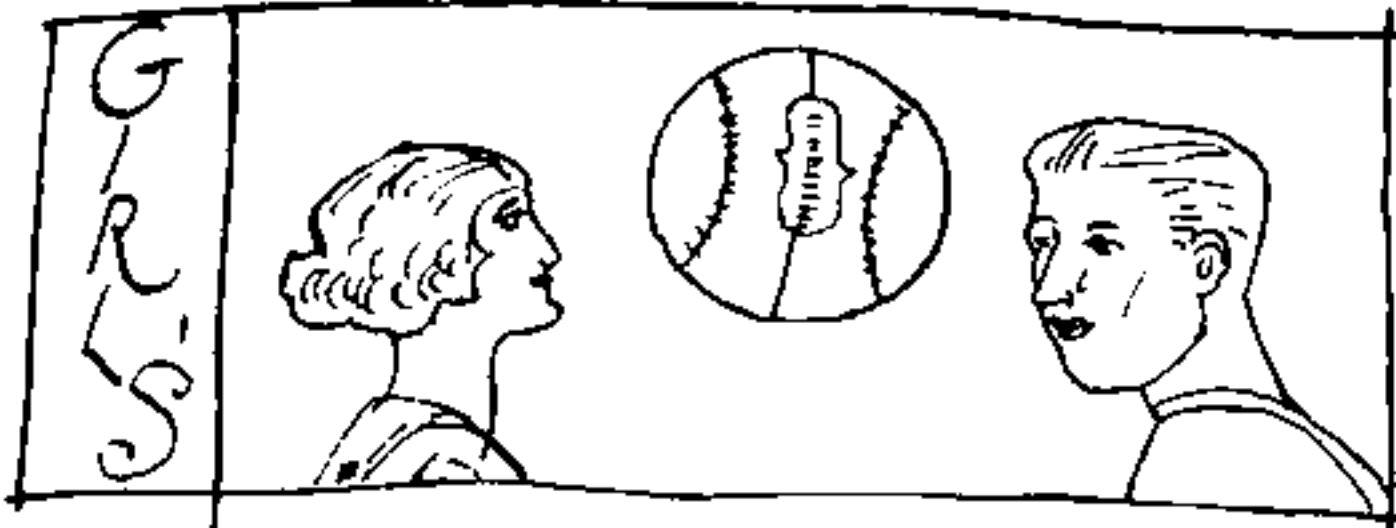




DURBIN JUNIOR HIGH







ATHEISM

FRANZ

Athletic Council



Clyde Cassell

Ida Jackson

President of Association, Business Manager of Girls' Basketball

Arnold Willhide

Mr. Harwood

Harper Cassell

Kermit Arbogast

Mr. Hedrick

Colleen

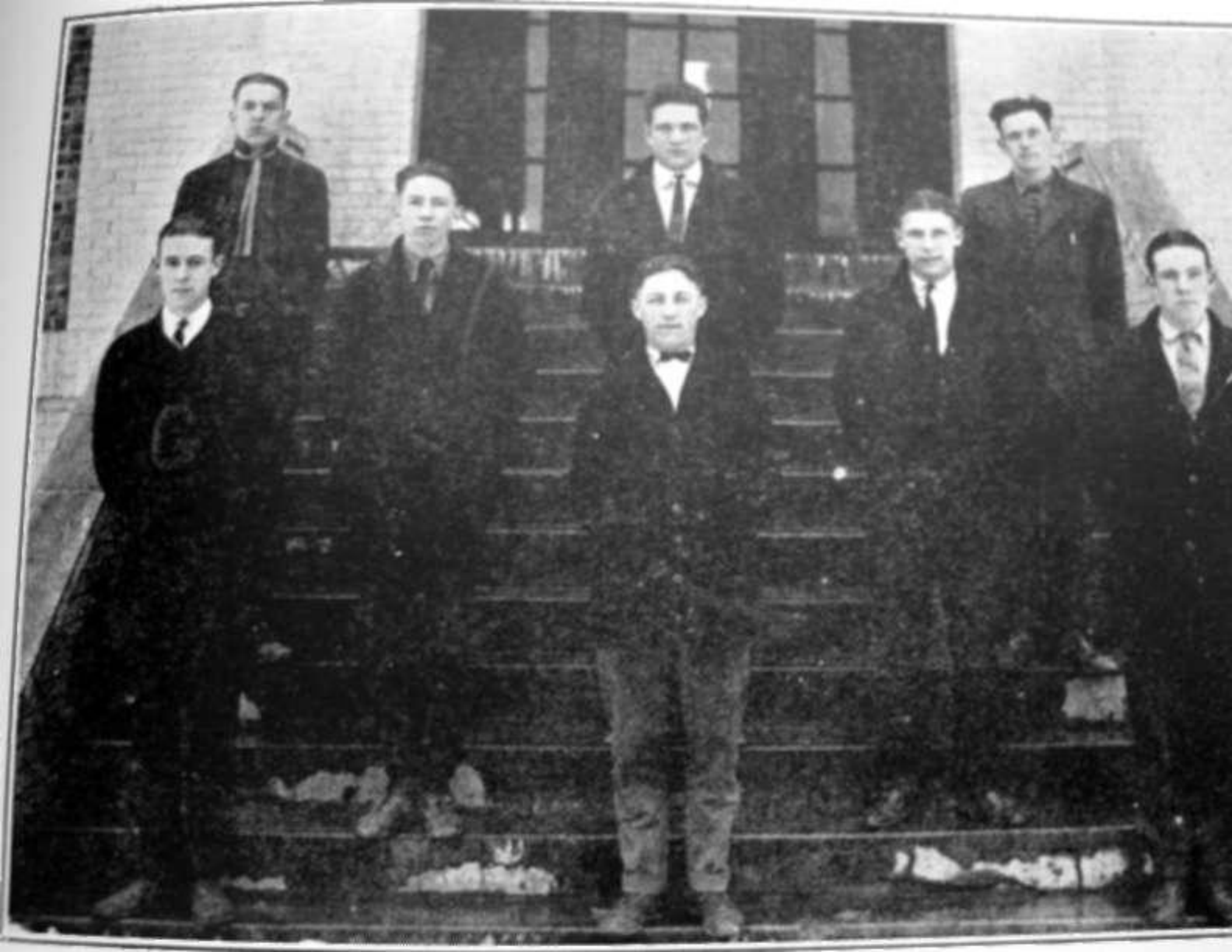
President of Athletic Council

Captain of Boys' Basketball

Secretary of Athletic Council

Manager of Boys' Basketball

Manager of Association, Captain of Girls' Basketball



Boys' Basketball Team

We started the season with fifteen men out for the floor squad. There was no visible improvement during the first of the season, but later a marked improvement in floor work and basketball sense was evident, due to consistent training under the guidance of Coach Harwood.

"Dame Fortune" has been against us in many of our games, but down-hearted? No. On the contrary, we are proud of the teams' success because we realize that we are just beginning to play real basketball. We have good material and a large class to draw from next year.

We are handicapped by having to use a small floor, with a low ceiling, but let us hope the anticipated new gym will be a realization before the old one is lost to the school by graduation.

The team made three trips during the season, playing three games on each trip, except the last, when we went to the state tournament at Hannon. The games lost on these trips were close, hard-fought contests, and the boys deserve credit for their fight. Splendid sportsmanship characterized every game, and the Greenbank lads were never beaten until the final game.

We won from our old rival, Ronceverte, on their floor, making them stand two and two for the last two years. We shall be out stronger than ever next year, especially if we have that new gym. So look out, Burns, we are after that cup!

G. H. S.			Opp.
Greenbank High School	-----	42	Cass
Greenbank High School	-----	21	Alumni
Greenbank High School	-----	32	All-Stars
Greenbank High School	-----	15	Tygart's Valley High School
Greenbank High School	-----	19	Parsons High School
Greenbank High School	-----	12	Davis High School
Greenbank High School	-----	28	Ronceverte High School
Greenbank High School	-----	17	Alderson
Greenbank High School	-----	15	A. C. I.
Greenbank High School	-----	49	Elkins Emeralds
Greenbank High School	-----	14	Elkins Professionals
Greenbank High School	-----	5	Jane Lew (State Tournament)

Three High Point Men
Willhide (Capt.)
Cassell

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G. H. S.			Opponents	
Greenbank High School	-----	42	Cass	----- 1
Greenbank High School	-----	21	Alumni	----- 1
Greenbank High School	-----	32	All-Stars	----- 2
Greenbank High School	-----	15	Tygart's Valley High School	----- 2
Greenbank High School	-----	19	Parsons High School	----- 2
Greenbank High School	-----	12	Davis High School	----- 1
Greenbank High School	-----	28	Ronceverte High School	----- 1
Greenbank High School	-----	17	Alderson	----- 2
Greenbank High School	-----	15	A. C. I.	----- 2
Greenbank High School	-----	49	Elkins Emeralds	----- 1
Greenbank High School	-----	14	Elkins Professionals	----- 1
Greenbank High School	-----	5	Jane Lew (State Tournament)	----- 1

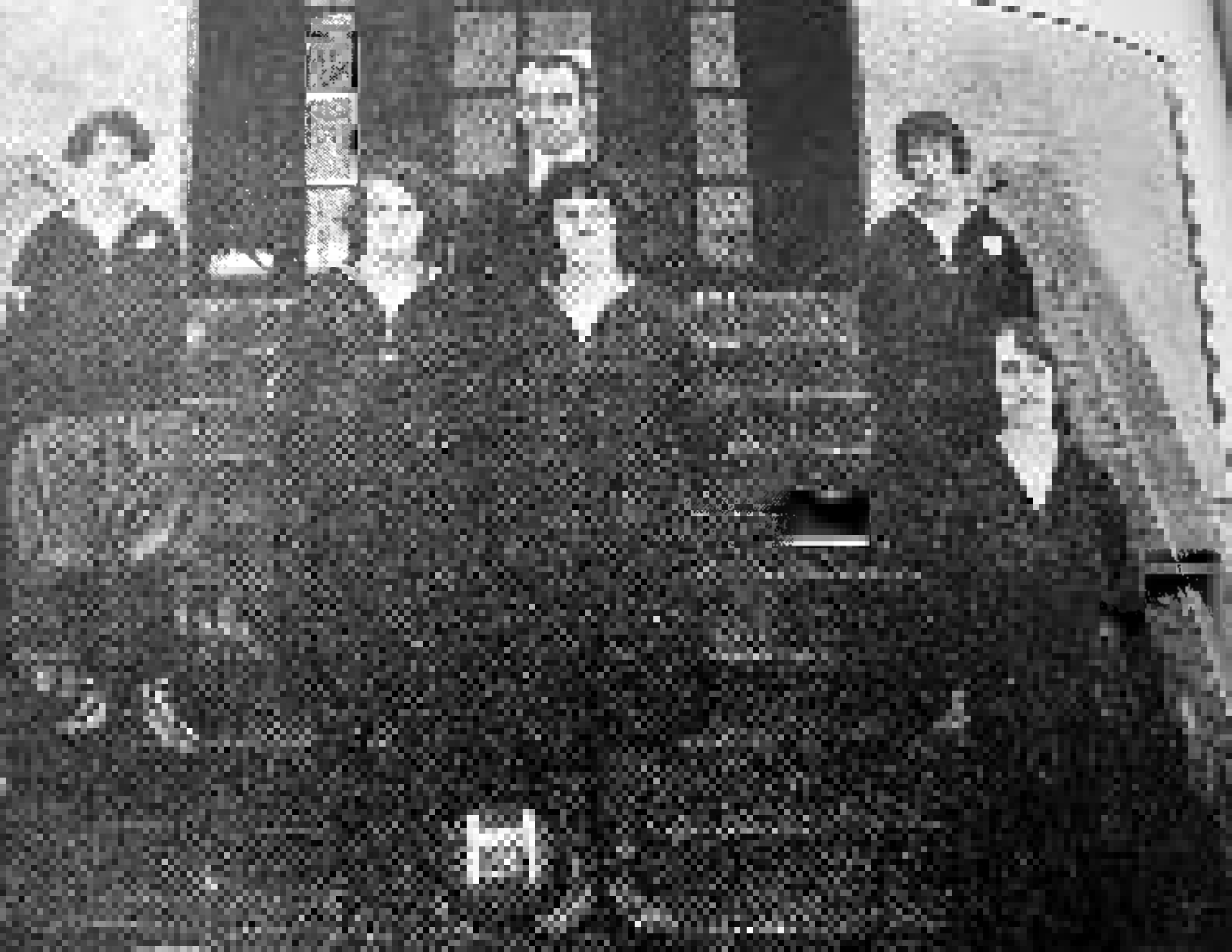
Three High Point Men	
Willhide (Capt.)	----- 117
Cassell	----- 86
Oliver	----- 70



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

		G. H. S.	
Greenbank High School	-----	33	Alumni -----
Greenbank High School	-----	33	Mill Creek -----
Greenbank High School	-----	25	Elkins -----
Greenbank High School	-----	8	A. C. I. -----
Greenbank High School	-----	15	Alderson H. S. -----
Greenbank High School	-----	8	A. B. A. -----
Greenbank High School	-----	18	Ronceverte -----
Greenbank High School	-----	13	Dunmore -----
Total -----		153	Total -----

Lineup and Individual Scoring		F. G.
Ida Jackson, forward	-----	47
Thelma Collins, forward	-----	10
Colleen Siple, center	-----	6
Gretchen Williams, guard	-----	0
Elizabeth Blackhurst, guard	-----	0
Wila Nottingham, substitute	-----	0



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Girls' Basketball Team '24

With only two regulars and one sub of last year's team, our basketball season started very successfully. After a few practices it was found that there was some good material from which to pick a team. After the try-out we had a team consisting of four Seniors one Junior and a Sophomore.

Our first game was against the Alumni, in which we showed improved teamwork and marked ability in putting the sphere through the hoop, the score being 33-3. Next we went to Mill Creek, January 4th. Again our team was victorious. Our greatest misfortunes were Jack's black eye and a snow-storm. Who cares for black eyes and snowstorms when winning?

Elkins arrived here, January 18th, confident of winning, as we heard later, but went home with "Down hearted Blues," dragging a 25-4 defeat.

The team was aroused by hints of a trip to Alderson, which came to pass January 29th. There we won two games and lost one by a one-point margin. We received word that Ronceverte wanted to play us on this trip. We did not feel much inclined to play, as we had already met three strong teams. All on the team showed true sportsmanship and grit by playing Ronceverte an 18-18 tie game only to lose in the extra period by two foul goals.

The last was a local game, and our only regret is that we didn't get a return game with Ronceverte and Alderson.

Each member on the quint deserves special mention.

Ida Jackson—

"Jack," our forward, plays the game,

With high points she has won great fame.

Thelma Collins—

"Pinhead," our other forward, is "Jack's" side-kick,

And fooling with her you're bound to get licked.

Colleen Siple—

"Sis," the center, who wouldn't fight,

But plays basketball for Lake's delight.

Gretchen Williams—

"Gretch," the guard, is not very tall,

But playing a forward, she plays for the ball.

Elizabeth Blackhurst—

"Liz," the guard of great renown,

On our trips she is the vamp of the town.

Willa Nottingham—

"Bill," our sub, doesn't play much,

But when she does she "struts her stuff."

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Willa Nottingham—

‘Bill,’ our sub, doesn’t play much,
But when she does she ‘struts her stuff.’
One center and three forwards are about to depart,
And we are exceedingly sad at heart;
They are all true sports and players bold
And fight unceasingly for ‘Blue and Gold.’
Of four good players we are bereft.

James Fitz-James

Bereft of a father's needful care
His mother lost control of her heir;
James, falling into the Douglas' hands,
Was held a captive by their bands.

Freed from the fiery Douglas power,
King James ascended to Stirling Tower,
And there presided in stately way
Scotland's laws before the people to lay.

With bitter enmity still at heart,
Fit-James in clan wars gladly took part;
He assembled his army, as if to seek game,
To prevent the Highlanders from seeing his aim.

Even this monarch could often be found
In disguise traveling the country around,
Thus hearing complaints that never would reach
The ear of a king on Stirling beach.

His reign is well-remembered by those
Who look not upon law as their foe;
His many restraints on violence and crime
To his memory shall remain a striking chime.

A burning fever laid hold on the king;
In spite of his youth, it seemed slowly to wring
From him his spirit—having come, it departs,
Leaving him dead with a broken heart.

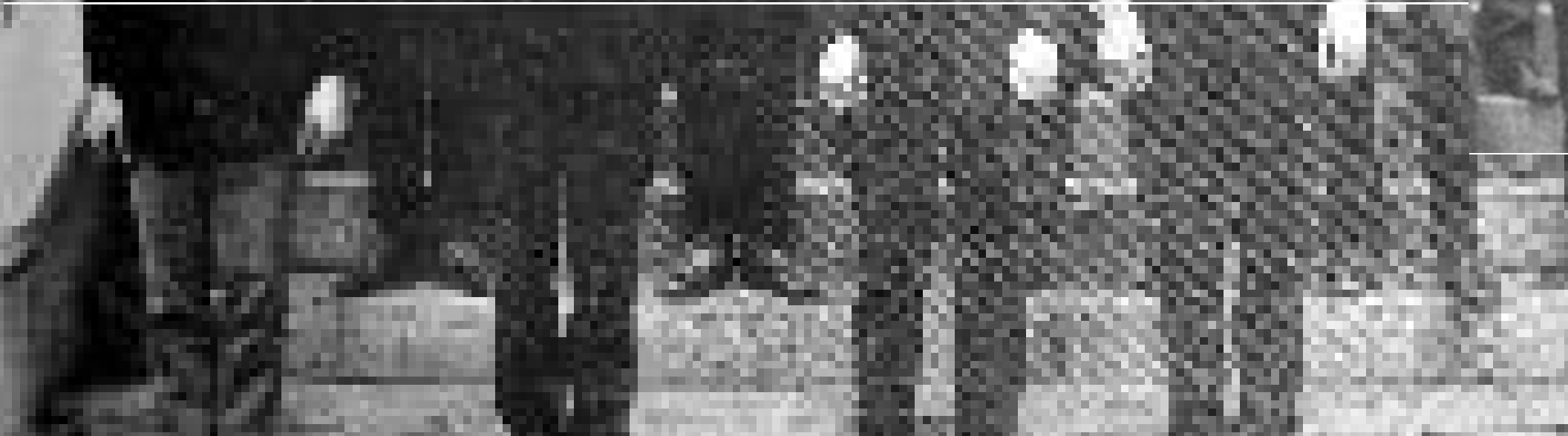
—Edythe McClung.





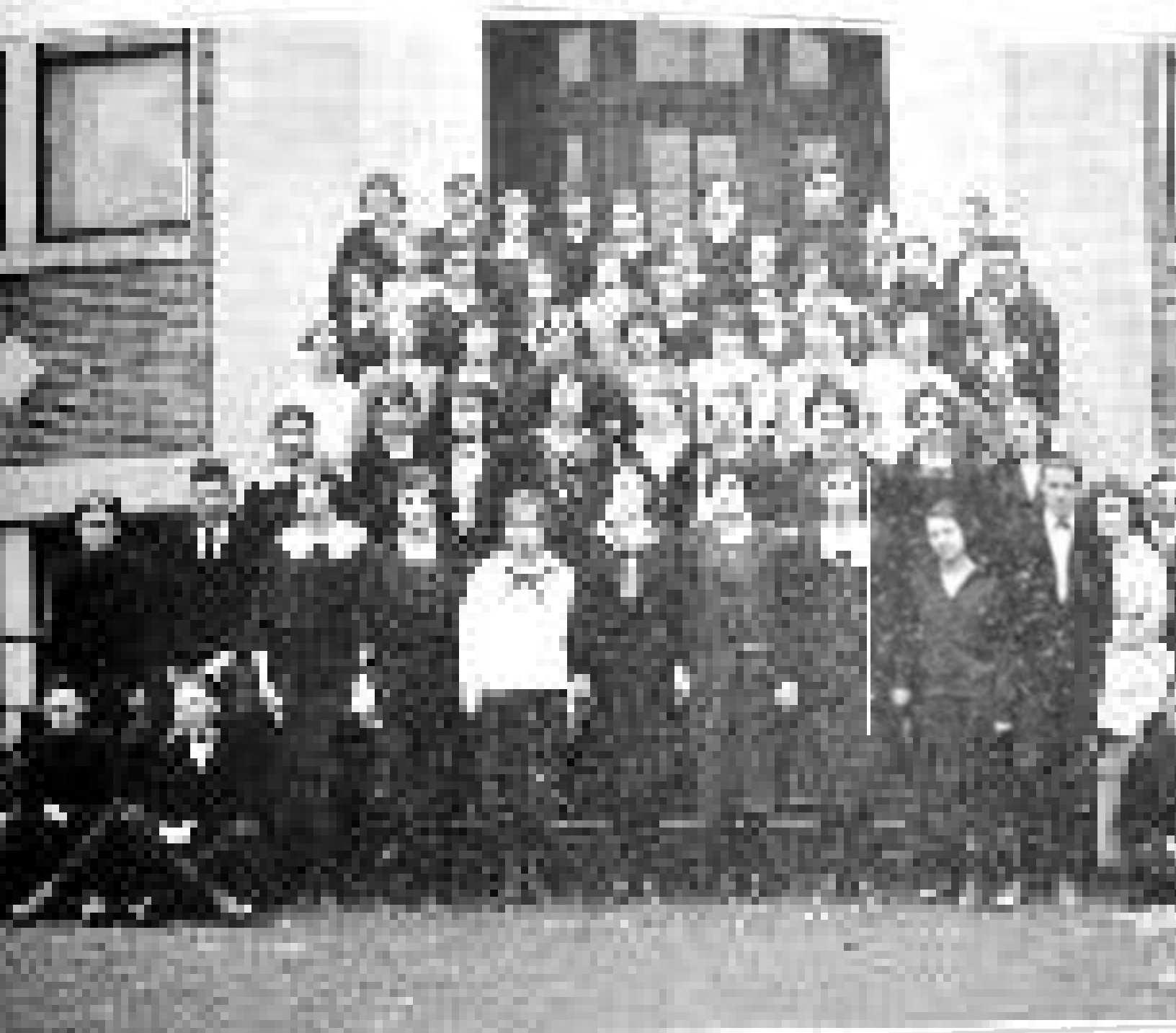








Adelphians

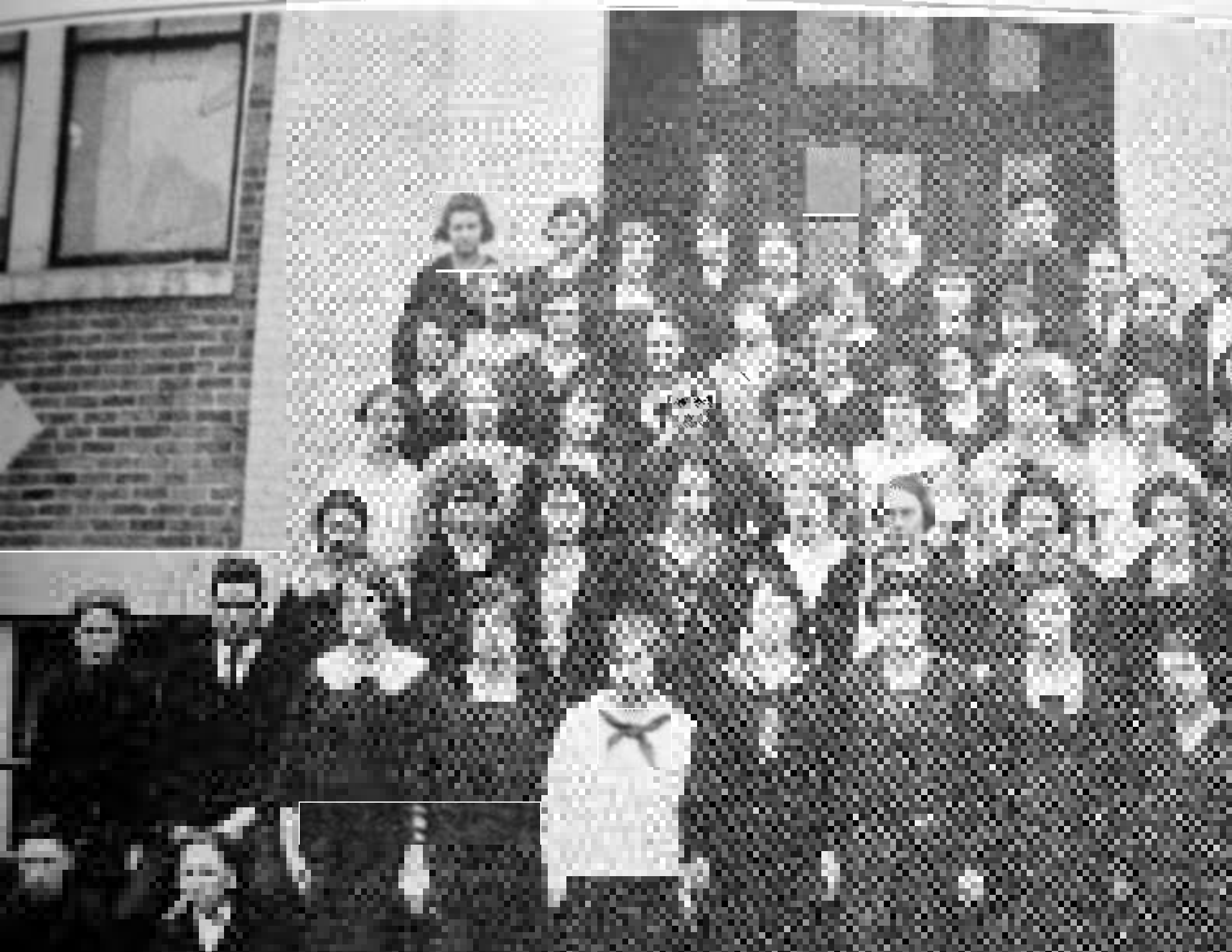


ADELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

"We want a society to show our 'pep' and establish a 'rep.' so, come on and organize," was the yell one day in the fall of 1922.

Then it was decided for the Freshmen and Juniors to co-operate, while the Seniors were to take their place with the Seniors.

Next thing to do was get to work, find a name, colors and choose our officers. Since Martha Reitz was a very "business-like" student, we decided that she was a good leader and elected her President, with Clyde Cassell as Vice-President.



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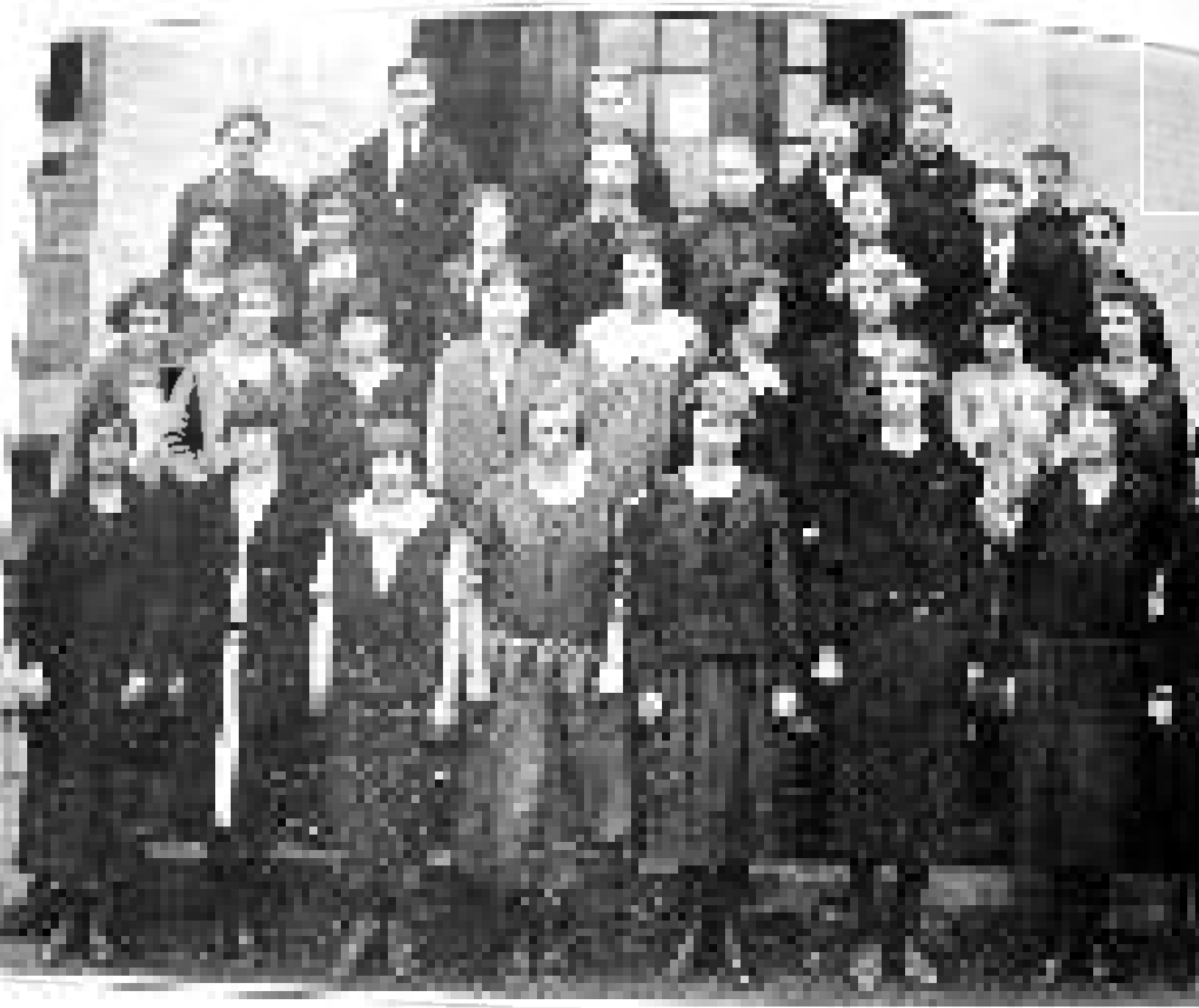
It was not difficult to elect officers, but then to find a name to s different. At last we adopted the name of Adelphians, and took as ou lavender. Soon we were to hail our banner, which is still before us

Although the Columbians and Adelphians gave a program every night program was given. It was given February 22, 1923, by the Ad

Again in the fall of 1923 we organized with the two classes togethe officers this year we have Clyde Cassell as President, Audra Dill, Vice-P tiple, Secretary, and Arnold Frazee, Treasurer.

With such officers as these, what could have kept us from being

Columbians



COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

At the beginning of the school term of 1922-23 the Student Body of G. H. S. met in the auditorium and organized two literary societies.

The Seniors and the Sophomores selected the name of Columbians. The following officers were elected: President, Clyde Idleman; Vice-President, Robert Eades; Secretary, Linnie Woods.

A banner was secured in the adopted colors, garnet and gold.

The Columbians were very successful, and interesting programs were given.

The next year the Juniors and Freshmen took the name of Columbians and the following officers were elected: President, Gretchen Williams; Vice-President, Oliver; Secretary, Imogene Dett.





Vo-Ag Club



VO-AG. SOCIETY

At the beginning of school in September, 1923, the members of the Agr classes of Greenbank High School met in the auditorium to reorganize the Vo-Ag.

Harper Cassell, commonly known as "Steve," was elected President on account of his indisputable ability as a regular farmer. Paul Patterson, an extremely student, was elected as Vice-President. After due and deliberate consideration part of the members, the remaining officers were elected: Polly Dill as Secretary, Elizabeth Blackhurst as Treasurer.

They have had several meetings, and have given one exceptionally good performance during the year.

In account of the work of the Vo-Ag Society, we think that our



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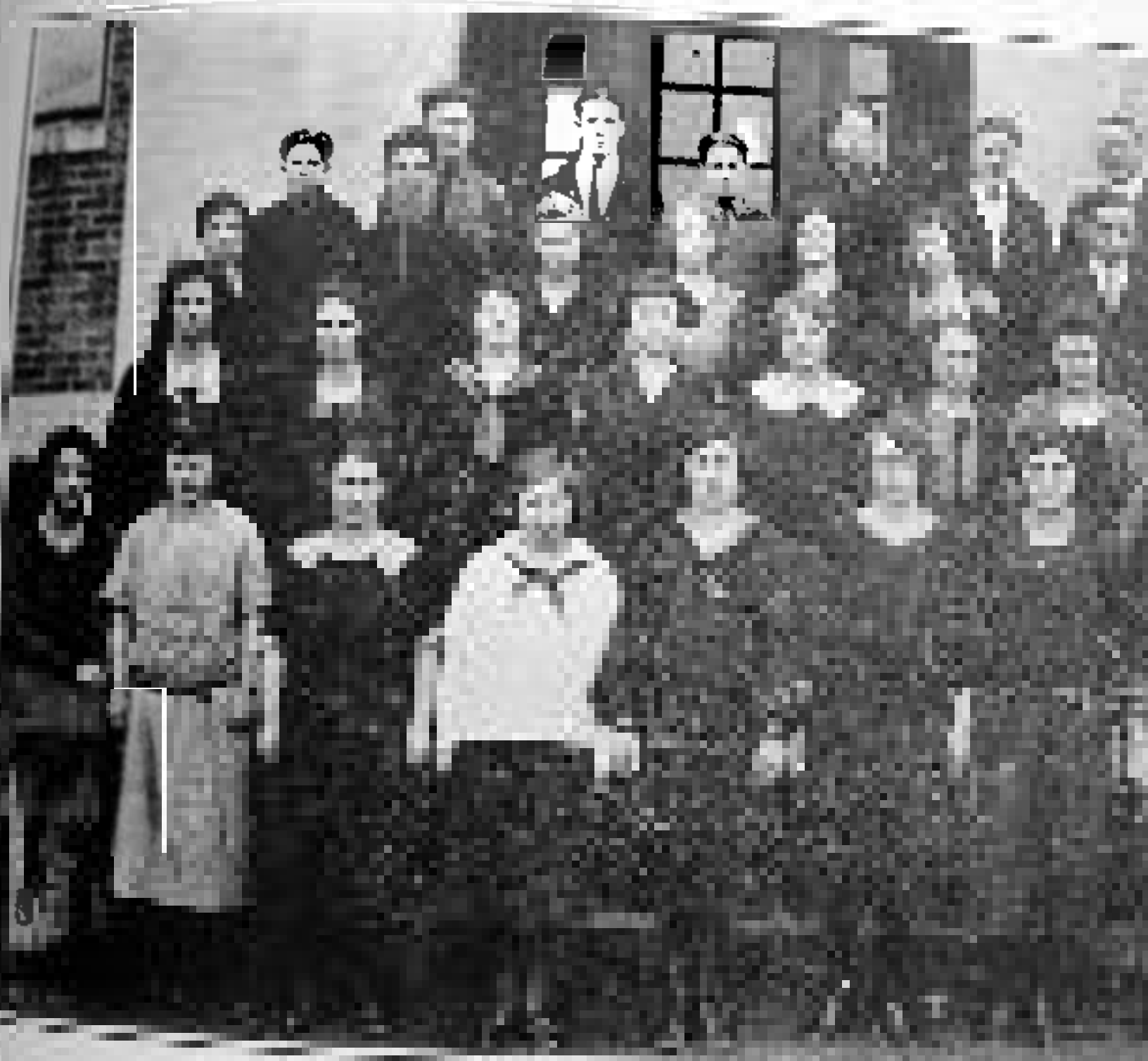
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They have had several meetings, and have given one exception to the rule during the year.

On account of the eminent ability of our Vo-Ag. instructor, we think that our society by far surpasses any that has ever been organized in this school.

In January, a "Farmers' Week Meeting" was held at Morgantown. In connection with it we sent a team, which was accompanied by our instructor, Mr. Heister, to represent our society in the judging contest. We are proud to say they came out very well. They stood fourth in all contests, wherein there were eleven teams.

Bible Class



THE BIBLE CLASS

For four years G. D. H. S. has had a class in English Bible. During the years we have used as our guide the West Virginia Bible Study Syllabus, and Bible is the main textbook.

There has been a growing interest in this work, as evidenced by the fact that applicants signed up for the course than could be accommodated in one class.

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Former G. H. S. Graduates

Class of '19

Grace Curry (Mrs. Clarence Sheets), Greenbank, W. Va.

Class of '20

Virginia Dare Moomau, student at Hood College, Maryland.

Helen Beard, Arbovale, W. Va. (Teaching.)

Bertie Beard (Mrs. Lyle McLaughlin), Arbovale, W. Va. (Teaching.)

Lillian Baard Mrs. Layke Kerr), Hartstown, Pa.

Lucille Oliver (Mrs. Fred Moomau), Greenbank, W. Va. (Teaching.)

Class of '21

Mary Hunter Moomau, student at Hood College, Maryland.

Bruce Brown, student at Dental School, Baltimore, Md.

Lyle McLaughlin (teaching), Arbovale, W. Va.

Vesta Sharp (teaching), Frost, W. Va.

Moro Beard (la ming), Arbovale, W. Va.

Thorne Kerr (Mrs. Clyde Wooddell), Raywood, W. Va.

Leone Oliver (teaching), Greenbank, W. Va.

N. Blanche Patterson (teaching), Arbovale, W. Va.

Hallie Bosworth (Mrs. Bell), Mill Creek, W. Va.

Rachel Sheets (teaching), Greenbank, W. Va.

Class of '22

Kerth Nottingham (teaching), Dunmore, W. Va.

Carl Friel, Raywood, W. Va.

Valera Ervine (college), Hartstown, Pa.

Lila Ornorff (teaching), Arbovale, W. Va.

Fanny Kerr (teaching), Arbovale, W. Va.

Lynne Kerr, Raywood, W. Va.

Beure Kerr, Jamestown, Pa.

Delbert Gillispie (teaching), Arbovale, W. Va.

Warren McLaughlin (teaching), Stony Bottom, W. Va.

Dorsie Geiger (teaching), Greenbank, W. Va.

Ruth Sutton (teaching), Greenbank, W. Va.

Hunter Arbogast (teaching), Greenbank, W. Va.

Estes Crist (teaching), Arbovale, W. Va.

Hallie Arbogast (Mrs. Charlie Malcom), Clintonville, W. Va.

Delford Sheets, student of Randolph Macon College.

Class of '23

Linnie Thompson (Mrs. Mack Woods), (teaching), Arbovale, W. Va.

Robert Eades (teaching), Durbin, W. Va.

Genevieve Orndorf (Mrs. Ivan Sharp), Edray, W. Va.

Lucille Friel, student of D. & E. College, Elkins, W. Va.

Martha Phares (teaching), Arbovale, W. Va.

Frieda Williams (Mrs. Joe Middeler), Louisville, Ky.

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 Martha Phares (teaching), Arbovale, W. Va.
 Frieda Williams (Mrs. Joe Middeler), Louisville, Ky.
 Thelma Conrad (teaching), Cass, W. Va.
 Edgar Shinnaberry (teaching), Stony Bottom, W. Va.
 Bonnie Beard (teaching), Arbovale, W. Va.
 Eula Warwick (teaching), Greenbank, W. Va.
 Violette Nottingham (teaching), Nottingham, W. Va.
 Edna Wilfong (teaching), Dunmore, W. Va.
 Clyde Idleman (teaching), Durbin, W. Va.
 Margaret Wood, student of Flora McDonald College, North C.



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I feel so exceedingly lazy
I neglect what I oughtn't to should;
My notion of work is so hazy
I couldn't to toil if I would.

I feel so exceedingly silly
I say what I shouldn't to ought;
My mind is as frail as a lily,
It would break at the weight of a thought.

Mr. Schaffner: "Jap, you and Lanty may leave the room."
Jap: "Why, teacher, we didn't expect to take it with us."

Ottie: "I hardly know what to do with my week-end."
Mary: "I suggest that you put a hat on it."

Mr. Monroe (in Bible class): "I am tempted to give this class a test."
Class: "Yield not to temptation."

Mr. Harwood was going down the steps to the auditorium when he slipped and fell.

Miss Brown: "Oh, did you miss a step?"

Mr. Harwood: "No, I hit every one of them."

Mrs. Coon (sitting next to a Jap in the truck): "Am I leaning on you?"

Jap: "I wouldn't be here if you were."

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College

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THE MILLENIUM WILL COME TO GREENBANK WHEN:

Miss Lillian bobs her hair.

Mr. Schaffner really does something without "seeming to."

Gretchen W. quits carrying a vanity case.

Colleen S. quits writing to "Dear Lake."

"Sib" B. ceases to wear a wedding ring.

Lake O. is six feet tall.

Pauline Hughes gets thin.

Miss Fulgham will not need a permanent wave.

Haezl Brown and Lanty Ervine quit quarreling.

Polly D. is not saying "Peck."

Jack quits saying "Oh, rats."

All the pupils get "A's" on their reports.

Mr. Harwood stops BAWLING us out.

"Speed, Malise, Speed" rests in its grave.

Bobbed hair really goes out of style.

Beulah G. stops powdering her nose.

Jasper M. gets on the varsity basketball team.

"Liz" B. stops writing poetry.

"Leap Year never returns.

"Siz" S. gets on the good side of "mother-in-law."

Verna Siple's hair gets straight.

Martha Reitz quits studying.

Clyde Cassell ceases to be a clown.

Ottie Harris has his tongue only in his "shoe."

Hazel Brown stops eating.

No one flunks on exams.

Lake and Mike are never far apart.

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Ottie Harris has his tongue only in his "shoe." -

Hazel Brown stops eating.

No one flunks on exams.

Lake and Mike can cross a fence.

—1.

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Mr. Harwood: "Miss Fulgham certainly has beautiful lips."

Mr. Hedrick: "Yes, but I've got two that I'll put up against hers any day." (Blushes from Hedrick.)

Mr. Schaffner: "Peck, what are you doing?"

Peck: "Nothing."

Mr. S.: "Well, get busy; there's no use of us both doing the same thing."

Lanty: "You used to say I was the 'light of your heart.'"

Hazel: "Yes, but you go out too much now."

Teacher: "Brown, if you had a little more spunk you would stand better in your class. Now, do you know what spunk is?"

Brown: "Yes, sir, it is the past participle of spank."

Sylvia Bowles (just after the bell sounded for the first period to be over): "Oh, what was that?"

Miss Lillian (in her first year Latin class): "Why, class, this is the worst recitation I have ever had; I've had to do most of it myself."

Mr. Hedrick: "Which weeds are the easiest to kill?"

Mike: "Widow's weeds—you have only to say 'Wilt thou' and 'they wilt.'"

Mr. Harwood (in Caesar): "How about a little test in the morning?"

Marlinton
General
Hospital

Marlinton - - West Virginia

COUNT TEN BEFORE

Skipping study hall.

Excusing yourself from physical drill.

Preparing a Modern History lesson.

Flirting with Virginia Burner

Calling Steve a "dear."

Leaving study hall for more than five minutes.

Playing basketball in a bad humor

Telling Hazel Brown a secret.

Thinking about the faculty out loud.

Demanding an explanation from "Pete."

Eating a science experiment.

Flunking on Algebra.

Makin a noise in study hall.

Giving your love to Ottie Harris.

Visiting an English II class.

Singing on the Cass truck! ! ! ? ? ?

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than to be married and bossed.

She: "Why do they always say, "The blushes crept over her face?"

He: "Because they would kick up too much dust if they hurried."

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Excusing yourself from physical drill.

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Than to be married and bossed.

She: "Why do they always say, "The blushes crept over her

He: "Because they would kick up too much dust if they had

What kind of skins make the best slippers?

Banana skins. Gosh!

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POPULARITY CONTEST

Biggest Brag	Lyie McPherson
Best Student	Margaret Wilson
Best All 'Round Sport (Boy)	Arnold Willhide
Best All 'Round Sport (Girl)	Colleen Siple
Best Boy Athlete	Virgil Winger
Best Girl Athlete	Ida Jackson
Courteous Boy	Arnold Frazee
Clumsy Boy	Ottie Harris
Clumsy Girl	Bessie McLaughlin
Funniest Boy	Clyde Cassell
Funniest Girl	Elizabeth Blackhurst
Handsome Boy	Arnold Willhide
Most Graceful Girl	Beulah Brill
Most Michievious Boy	Lanty Ervine
Most Popular Student	Clyde Cassell
Most Popular Teacher	Mr. Harwood
Most Conceited Student	Mildred Pritchard
Most Modest Student	Virginia umer
Old Maid	Mary Wooddell
Old Bachelor	Leonard Hoover
Friendly Student	Colleen Siple
Attractive Girl	Elizabeth Sutton
Spooniest Couple	Claire Warwick and Marvin McLaughlin
Biggest Flirt	Mabel Arbogast
Biggest Primp	Gretchen Williams
Teacher's Pet	Beulah Guthrie
Laziest Student	Tom Heltzel
G. H. S. Contest	Paul Sutton

POPULARITY CONTEST

Biggest Brag-----L

Best Student-----M

Best All 'Round Sport (Boy)-----A

Best All 'Round Sport (Girl)-----

Best Boy Athlete-----

Best Girl Athlete-----

Courteous Boy-----

Clumsy Boy-----

Clumsy Girl-----Bo

Funniest Boy-----

Funniest Girl-----Eliza

Handsomest Boy-----

Courteous Boy	Arnold
Clumsy Boy	Ottie
Clumsy Girl	Bessie Mc
Funniest Boy	Clyde
Funniest Girl	Elizabeth B
Handsomest Boy	Arnold
Most Graceful Girl	Be
Most Michievious Boy	Lan
Most Popular Student	Clyde
Most Popular Teacher	Mr.
Most Conceited Student	Mildred
Most Modest Student	Virg
Old Maid	Mary
Old Bachelor	Leonard
Friendly Student	Co
Attractive Girl	Elizab

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Most Modest Student	Virgini
Old Maid	Mary W
Old Bachelor	Leonard
Friendly Student	Colle
Attractive Girl	Elizabeth
Spooniest Couple	Claire Warwick and Marvin Mc
Biggest Flirt	Mabel
Biggest Primp	Gretchen
Teacher's Pet	Beulah
Laziest Student	Ton
G. H. S. Optimist	Pa
G. H. S. Pessimist	Leta M
Flapper	Mary Kathar

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Ask for the ALL-LEATHER SHOE

When you go into a store and say, "I want a pair of all-leather shoes," you ask for the finest material in the world to walk in.

You ask for shoes that will actually let your feet "breathe." Only leather will do that. You ask for shoes that will give your feet perfect support and protection. You ask for the very foundation of health—protection against damp, uncomfortable feet.

The pores of leather actually ventilate your shoes. That is why leather soles and heels never "draw" your feet; that is why your feet do not perspire—heat can escape.

Leather box toes, leather insoles and leather counters hold shoes in shape—keep them style-fresh. Substitutes used do not have the "give" of leather.

And when, after hard wear, a leather sole is finally worn out, it's easy to replace with another that will give added life to your shoes. Insist upon all-leather shoes. Insist upon leather when you have your shoes repaired.

NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF LEATHER

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When you go into a store and say, "I want a pair of leather shoes," you ask for the finest material in the world to walk in.

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And when, after hard wear, a leather sole is finally worn out, it's easy to replace with another that will give added comfort to your shoes. Insist upon all-leather shoes. Insist upon leather.

THE BANK *of* DURBIN

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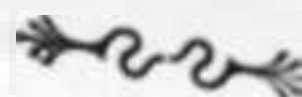
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Dr. Moomau: "Have any of your childhood ambitions been fulfilled?"

Mr. Harwood: "Yes, almost. I used to wish when mother brushed my hair that I didn't have any."

HEARD THESE BEFORE

I fell down in the mud.

Hello, Dumb-bell!

Let's see now.

Speed, Malise, Speed—the Dictionary!

Fall in!

Well, I can't help it.

Good!

Cut out that singing; do you wanna walk?

Durbin here yet?

Oh, let me see those pictures.

Great Grief!

Quit, Lant!

And don't forget to return your report cards!!!

Mr. Shires: "My wife is so tender-hearted she won't whip the cream."

Mr. Monroe: "That's nothing, my wife won't beat the carpets, and tears come in her eyes when the onions are skinned."

"Sib": "Hume, if you don't eat the cake, I'll never bake another."

Hubby: "If I do eat it you won't have to bake another—for me."

Mother: "The only thing I ever heard Tommy, and now

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Hamman

SUBSCRIBE NOW FOR

The
Pocahontas

This is the time, the month of May,
When people need our "Bitters" —
The sunny, languid, vernal day
Is hard of human critters.
They're always feeling tired and stale,
Their blood is thick and sluggish,
And so they ought to blow their kale
For pills and potions, druggish.
If you are sick and in a plight,
Don't swallow dope in rivers
To get your kidneys acting right
And jack-up rusty livers;
Don't pour down team of sassafras,
As ordered by your Granny,
And chew up predigested grass,
Like some be-whiskered "nanny."

But come to us and try our pills,
Our syrups and our tonics;
We'll cure up all your aches and ills
And some of last year's "chronics" —
For "rheumatiz," we have the stuff;
It's just WILLHIDE'S SPECIFIC;
No need to treat your muscles rough
With linaments terrific;
Just take a bottle home with you,
If you've rheumatic "hinges,"
You'll find that just a dose or two
Will end your painful twinges.
Now don't forget to call on us
When feeling sick and dizzy,
For we need YOU and you need US,
So come and keep us busy.

(With Apologies to Walt Mason)

This is the time, the month of May,
When people need our "Bitters" —
The sunny, languid, vernal day
Is hard of human critters.
They're always feeling tired and stale,
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If you've rheumatic "hinges,"
You'll find that just a dose or two
Will end your painful twinges.
Now don't forget to call on us

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DURBIN, W. VA.

PHYSICIAN AND

One day in Freshman English Mr. Schaffner was endeavoring to put across a lesson in art appreciation. Holding up the current issue of The Literary Digest, he asked such questions as: "Are the proportions good?" "Do the colors blend?" "Do you like the picture?" etc. This particular picture happened to be one called "Lenore in a Russian Blouse."

Mr. Schaffner: "Now, Lake Beard, what are the two big things we look for first in any picture; color and what else?"

Lake Beard: "Don't know."

Mr. Schaffner: "Yes, you do. Think. This chair has the same two big things as the picture. Now what are they—color and——?"

Lake Beard: "Oh, now I know—why legs!"

From Durbin came a truck so full,
So full of joy and mirth;
To travel in it twice a day
Was sure a dollar's worth.

Our truck did go through ice and snow,
Into the mud it sank:
It even went into the ditch
While coming to Greenbank.

And it's been faithful most the time,
It's gone through thick and thin;
The days it's hauled us here to school
Were the best that've ever been.

Throughout our lives we won't forget,
We'll yearn to ride once more
In the truck that brought us here to school
In Nineteen Twenty-four.

West Virginia Pulp and Paper Company

LUMBER DEPARTMENT

MANUFACTURERS OF

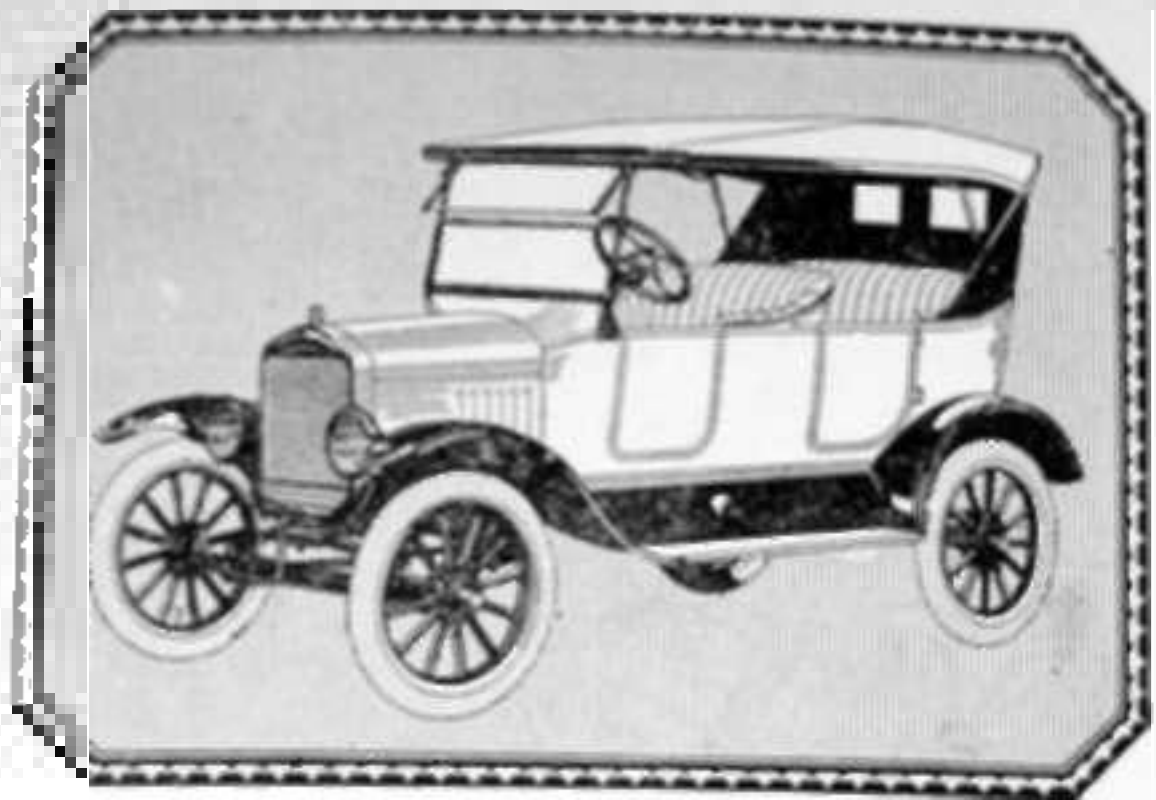
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In addition, it is up-to-the-minute in appearance. It is finished in an enduring black, rich and deep in lustre. A high radiator,

enlarged hood, graceful cowl, slanting windshield and streamline body are pleasing details that enhance its style.

With this handsome exterior, it combines every mechanical feature essential to open car utility.

This car can be obtained through the Ford Weekly Purchase Plan.

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Durbin, W. Va.

A colored soldier at the parcel post window of a northern camp surprised the official with the following request:
"Ah wants to inshuah this 'ere package, 'kase ah wants mah gal in Florida to get it shuah."

"What does the package contain?" asked the clerk.

"Dat's a shoe box full ob snow, boss. And Ah's mighty anxious foh Car'line to get it, kas sh'e done neveh seen no snow befo'."

Ida (in fun): "Miss Fulgham, when does this Ancient History class go to Lab?"

Miss Fulgham (laughing): "About the last week of school."

Mildred P. (in earnest): "What will we go there for?"

Hope: "I saw you at the Faculty Play last night."

Effie: "No, you didn't! That was my ghost."

Hope: "And whose ghost was that with you?"

Mr. Harwood (in American History): "Now why do you suppose that in just the last year I have begun to appreciate Mr. Roosevelt?"

A voice from the rear: "He's been dead about that long."

Mr. Schaffner: "Where is the River Styx?"

"Sib": "Sounds like it is in Holland."

Mr. Schaffner: "No, you cross it before you get to Hades."

"Mike": Mr. Shires, isn't it time for the gong?"

Mr. Shires (looking at his watch): "Let's see, 'Mike,' we have just a quarter of a minute yet."

Mr. Harwood (in an English discussion): "I don't believe in men crying."

Joy Belle: "A tear bath is good for the eyes."

Mr. H.: "But I don't bathe in public."

Mr. Schaffner: (in Modern History): "Now, Elizabeth, how large an army did Gustavus Adolphus regard as being ideal?"

Liz Vlackhurst: "Forty thousand."

Mr. Schaffner: "Well, what do you think he would say if he were to come back and see our present day armies, many, many times larger than forty thousand?"

Liz (seriously): "Great grief!"

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

- "Sib" Bowles not anxious for the week-end to
G. H. S. not in the "A" class?
Ida Jackson taking math?
Martha Reitz skipping Latin class?
Beulah Guthrie not trying to vamp?
Hazel Greathouse losing her temper?
Virginia Burner without her lessons?
"Peck" McPherson always in a good humor?
"Mike" Willhide leading his classes?
Lake Oliver with his Geometry lesson?
Mary Wooddell with bobbed hair?
"Liz" Blackhurst not joking?
Claire Warwick not talking to Marvin?
Mr. Harwood teaching Bible?
Miss Fulham not liking History?
Miss Brown without a smile?
Mabel Arbogast not flirting?
Mack Brooks forgetting Sunday nights?
Beulah Brill singing?
Jasper Matthews sitting still?
Lanty Ervine not teasing someone?
Audra Dill worrying over books?
Hazel Brown not fussing with Lanty?
Wilson Robertson complaining?
Mr. Schaffner

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

"Sib" Bowles not anxious for the week-end to come?

G. H. S. not in the "A" class?

Ida Jackson taking math?

Martha Reitz skipping Latin class?

Beulah Guthrie not trying to vamp?

Hazel Greathouse losing her temper?

Virginia Burner without her lessons?

"Peck" McPherson always in a good humor?

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